

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Christian Parents Look at Health—*Mary Peacock***
- **How to Make Delinquents—*Judge Ray G. Cowan***

July 1950

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

MARY ANNA WHITE, *Assistant Editor*

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Fireside Chat . . .

What has happened? you are probably asking. *Hearthstone* has lost weight this month. Yes, sixteen pages to be exact, but they will be back in September. In the meantime, we are packing the thirty-two pages full of the same kind of information and pleasant reading you have requested.

* * *

The teen-ager and his dating problems, for instance, are considered by Mr. Hayward on page 4. The second of two articles on the relationships of the sexes will help both parent and teen-ager in the adolescent's struggle for maturity.

* * *

Almost every preacher's wife has a few things she wants to tell her husband's flock, but seldom does she get the chance that Mama has in Thyra Wickman's story on page 6. Mama enjoyed preaching so much that she might have continued if . . . but you'll find out.

* * *

You've probably noticed that we advocate family recreation as a source of unity and pleasure. Doris Demaree agrees with us and submits some wonderful ideas almost any family can incorporate into their routine. (Page 10.)

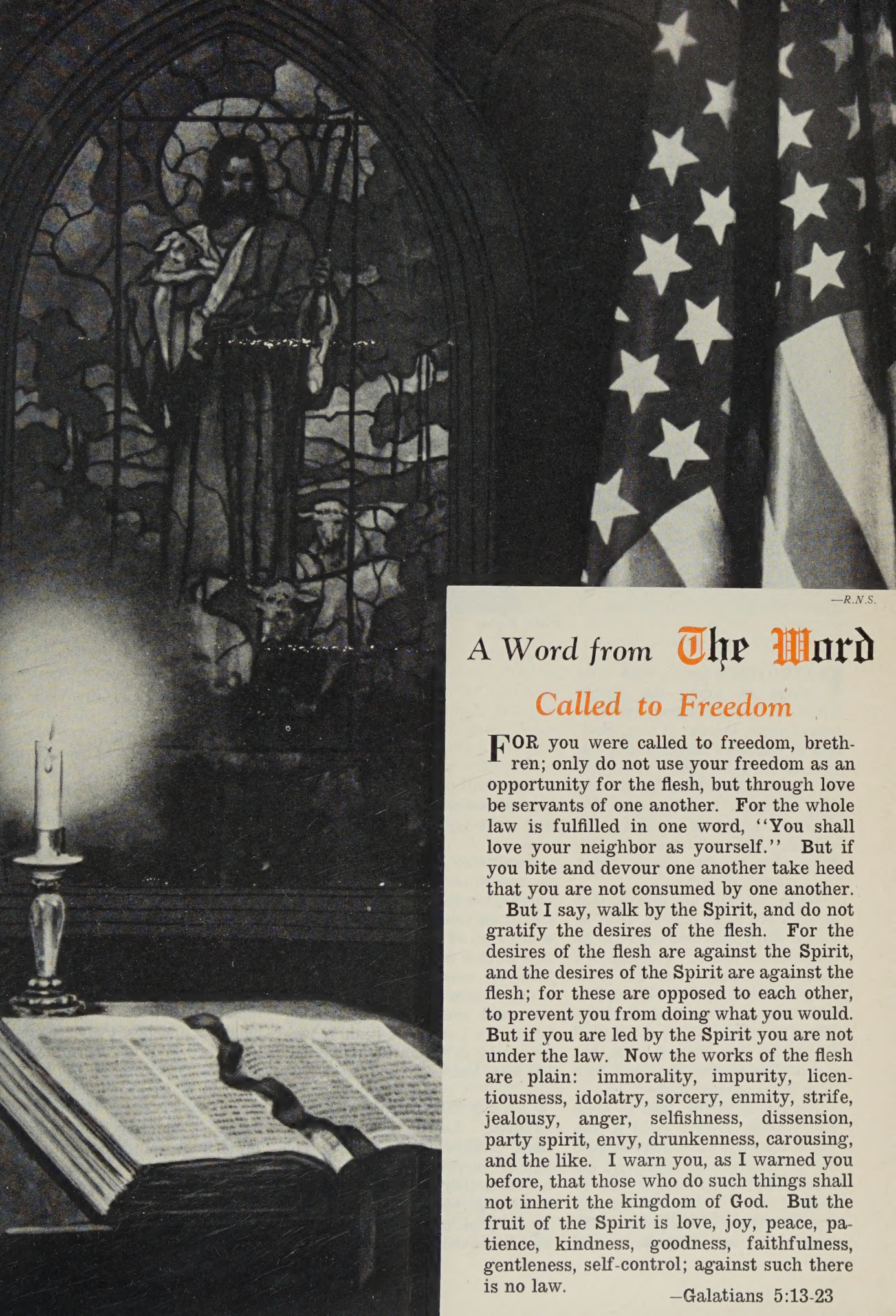
* * *

Hearthstone has a judge among the authors this month. He is Judge Ray G. Cowan who speaks out of his experience in the Jackson County Juvenile Court of Kansas City. Recognizing the importance of moral and religious training, this court includes such instruction in its probation program.

* * *

A Special Announcement

Don't miss the August *Hearthstone*! You will thrill to the progress it indicates in cooperation between the Disciples of Christ and the Northern Baptists. Yes, a wholly joint publication begins next month. Don't miss it!



—R.N.S.

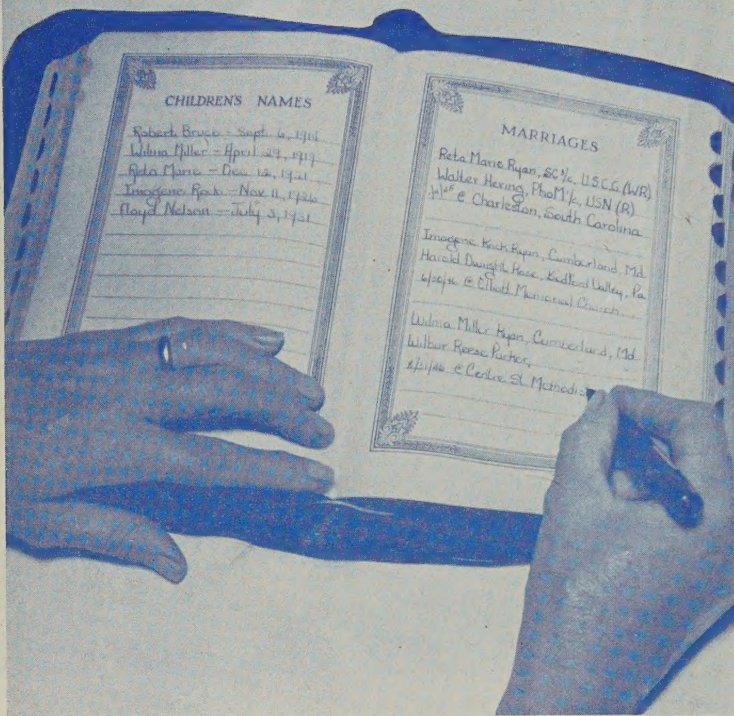
A Word from **The Word** **Called to Freedom**

FOR you were called to freedom, brethren; only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love be servants of one another. For the whole law is fulfilled in one word, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." But if you bite and devour one another take heed that you are not consumed by one another.

But I say, walk by the Spirit, and do not gratify the desires of the flesh. For the desires of the flesh are against the Spirit, and the desires of the Spirit are against the flesh; for these are opposed to each other, to prevent you from doing what you would. But if you are led by the Spirit you are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are plain: immorality, impurity, licentiousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, selfishness, dissension, party spirit, envy, drunkenness, carousing, and the like. I warn you, as I warned you before, that those who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control; against such there is no law.

—Galatians 5:13-23

Patriotism



—Walter Hering.

—A Home Product

By Lois S. Smith

PATRIOTISM begins with little things at home—the simple duties of housekeeping, orderliness of room, sharing of toys, gladness in another's accomplishments, striving for perfection. It reaches out to include regularity of worship in God's house, respect for property, accepting a schedule of learning, and willingness to step down when someone else is chosen for a cherished part.

When the child has learned that parents are to be obeyed, then he should learn that God is not to be forgotten or defied. Worship is a natural yearning after an ideal. Help the child to love God and he will strive to please God. Deprive him of this inspiration, and he will choose an idol that appeals, but does not necessarily lead him to a true fulfillment of a good life.

Regularity in life, both at home and outside, gives a child a feeling of security, which induces good habits. Reverence, sincerity, patience, and perseverance can be taught, all of which lead to well-trained citizens of the future. The little habits and manners learned

at home will produce the kindness, the selflessness, and the tolerance, that make peace-loving world citizens.

Awakening in our children an interest in and loyalty to the heritage that is ours is an eminent and almost universal problem. We are well aware of the many diversions that attract family members away from the hearthside and we shall not list them again here. Let us not waste time deploring existing situations, but let us begin a program now to regain the unity that has been lost.

TAKE TIME to relax with your children. Learn their interests, their thoughts, their plans. You will be surprised, perhaps, at the advances they have made over the knowledge you had at their age. Be helpful to them, guide their minds towards a goal, but do not

force them to an uninteresting pattern of life just because you approve of it.

Begin with the small things, lead the child to an understanding of the reason for these things. When he is old enough to comprehend, always give him an explanation. He will want to know why we salute the flag, why there are parades and speeches on patriotic holidays, and how the speakers got to be well known. Tell him whose voice he is hearing on the radio.

One boy, told he was listening to the President of the United States, asked, "Does he make all those laws about stopping at a red light, and having a policeman at school to help the children cross?" There was the opportunity to explain that the President does not make any laws, but a man chosen by the

child's own father and mother goes to the state capital or to Washington to prepare the laws for the governor or President to sign.

Answering the questions about patriotic events is not enough. The parent must guide the child's mind toward the background and origin of historical affairs. Tell in story form for younger children, in fact form for older boys and girls, the events leading to a celebration, or the historical story back of a building. Tell them of the need for action to meet a situation, and about the real-life person whose deed made the day famous. Your reticent child will not ask questions, but must nevertheless be given a similar basis for character and good citizenship. Perhaps a family group could handle this more effectively.

BUILD memories for your children. A simple picnic may lead to some interesting discoveries: an echo across a valley, or the enjoyment of singing familiar melodies about a fire in the warmth of a summer evening. Almost every community has historic scenes within easy driving distance, and a visit to them with an explanation of their origin gives the child a picture to carry in his mind. The rows of cannon at a battle site, a log cabin used by an early settler, even a simple marker telling a historical fact has more meaning than any number of books read in school. Take the children to see these things and explain what happened at that spot, what it meant to our country then, and what it means to us now.

A quiet lunch in the shadow of the state capitol where laws are being made expands a child's perception of the values and meaning of these interesting places. We have, in our family, a humorous memory of our youngest walking off in the state museum in Harrisburg with an old-fashioned doll carriage, complete with lacy parasol. That incident suffices to bring out a clearer picture of the things we saw there.

Plan one day or evening each week to spend with your family. Insist quietly that each member be

**It begins at home, this business of patriotism.
Awaken your household to the heritage that is theirs. You'll
find greater family unity and wider community concern.**

present. Let each one have some say about what you will do. The older members of the group will advance some special subjects or activities for consideration. The season of year may influence your activities. Summertime is the outdoor season for sports of all kinds, and nature study. There are any number of interesting subjects to be explored together—insect life, the identity of birds, flowers, trees, a hunt for new spots of interest, the seeking out of the story behind each historical locality or event.

Or you might undertake a study of court proceedings, visit your state legislature when it is in session, watch a council meeting in your town. Give your children something no school can find time or money to do, a visual interpretation of these operations. Many local meetings are open to visitors: the law making bodies, the law enforcement offices, and the courts, where a parent can demonstrate the value of good citizenship.

When you are planning these various outings, ask the youngsters to include their friends once in awhile. Perhaps your small activities may influence other parents to follow suit. Moreover, you should not allow anything to disturb your day with your children. They may be counting on you more than you realize.

ON THE other hand, do not tie your growing sons and daughters to an immature home routine that discourages their efforts or develops antagonism. Encourage their participation in community projects for teen-agers. Show an interest and perhaps suggest a solution when some difficulty arises. If your home permits, invite the group in for discussion, or for a so-

cial gathering. Offer to get someone to explain problems, plan a supervised trip for the group, but leave most of the details to their own leaders.

If the affair is social, why not let your teen-age daughter tend to the decorations, which should fit the season? For a gathering on or near a patriotic holiday, such as the Fourth of July, tiny American flags as favors are popular. Or let her arrange the menu. Your boy will enjoy planning the amusements, fixing a spot for the gang to gather, or collecting material of interest for his group. Of course, you as parents and home-owners will want to supervise these operations, but impose your will as little as possible. Remember you experimented at their age too!

There are just two things to keep in mind: guide your children's interests, but don't push them into unsatisfying paths, and be a friend and counselor rather than a boss with the whip of duty and loyalty. A man or woman who sets an example of voting at election, obeys the laws of the community, studies the proceedings of national and international relations, is a good teacher for youth to follow.

The child with a background of good home training has more chance of being a useful, dependable citizen, than the child whose parents are too much interested in their own amusements. These are not matters that can be left to chance. A firm foundation on which to build character is the finest gift any parent can present to his children. Their inquisitive little minds are forever seeking. Make sure that what they find in you is the best.

The Why and How of Dating

This is the second of two articles
to help teen-agers and their parents answer the questions
that press them on the problems of sex.

By Percy R. Hayward

NOW abideth physical hunger and self-preservation and sex—these three deep-seated urges in the nature of man that he carries within himself from the deep mystery of his past. And the one of these with which many boys and girls have most difficulty is sex.

First, what is this strong urge or impulse in you that we call sex? What is it that makes conducting yourself a problem when you are with the opposite sex?

This sex impulse now at work within you that leads boys and girls to seek each other's company is as old as the human race; in it is God's plan for reproducing and enriching mankind. Reproducing, let us note, is a part of this purpose, so that the generations go on and on, making possible God's plan for material and spiritual progress in a score of directions. But reproduction is not all; enrichment is also a part of that same experience, for the sex life of man, when at its highest as God intended, is a source of many of the richest and most ennobling of human fellowships. The sinful things connected with it and so often associated in thought with it are the lowest expression of what is at heart a beautiful and holy part of life.

For twenty-one years it has been the lot of this writer to answer the questions of young people in their teens and above in a group of denominational young people's papers. These deal with all the prob-

lems imaginable but a large number touch this question of managing one's sex life. For example: Do you let a boy kiss you good night? How old must you be to have a date? What does one do on a date and how often do you have one? How long do you go with a girl before kissing her? When do you go "steady"? How can I know I am in love? What about the cost of taking a girl out?

LET US take the first—and hardest question—the good night kiss. Why bring it up? Is it the style, the thing to do in your group? Does the boy urge it or is it merely a formality with him? This kiss is sometimes the beginning of a prolonged and stimulating embrace, with increasing excitement and intensity as it goes along. This is the path to the channeling of these deep impulses in the directions that have all too often led to calamity instead of to enrichment and lasting joy. Even engaged couples guard their emotions with care at this point; those in the early and middle teens have abundant reasons for being careful. The risk of the good night kiss is much less when it is only a brief and incidental expression of affection, without either party expecting it to be intense or prolonged. It is at its best when the regard of the two for each other receives

its real expression through many wholesome interests of fun and sport and hobbies and many other shared friends, coupled with a grand time in the Christmas play at church.

Some folk find it wise to begin dating about two years later than the "fashion" in their community. Dating is coming at an earlier age in many places. It is often an unwholesome copying of those on the next older age level and may be merely a tail to the kite of absurd social ambitions of the parents. Most folk find that for those of about junior high school age social engagements in which boys and girls team up as groups and not as pairs are much better; one good entrance to satisfying contacts with members of the other sex is to have a number of such friends on a happy basis before pairing off for a special friendship. This doubling up can very well come in the senior high school period but in many cases it will prove a temporary friendship. However, some of the best marriages began on a "teen-age sweetheart" basis, so you never can tell!

Dogmatism is rash here! Sometimes unhappy unions result from teen-age romances which both parties outgrow, but neither has the insight or the courage to break the bond. The wind of true love bloweth where it listeth and thou

canst not tell when it cometh and whither it goeth. So is that of everyone whose union is born of genuine affection, the love of shared and wholesome interests, of self-control, of regard for the true welfare of each other, of the willingness to refuse a lesser joy today for the sake of a deeper one year after next.

WHAT does one do on a date? The answer is found in what you have a date for, or in what two of you are interested. If in "petting" above all else, of course you will "pet." If in enjoying the presence of each other, then how shall you enjoy it? By looking into each other's eyes? Not for long. For a profound law takes hold of you both right here: people become attached to each other as they contemplate *together* some third thing outside themselves, not by doting on each other. There are times for that, of course, but too much can grow stale.

The bigness of your dating experience will depend on the size of your ideals, your purposes, your interests, and the ambitions that allure and command you. If these are big, no one need worry about what you do on a date; if small, you can mismanage a date *or anything else*.

What has been said so far will help you in your decision about going "steady." By a slow and wise growth of affection you will know when you are in love, and not be mistaken; the "love at first sight" kind succeeds only when, by accident, it is wisely rooted.

Many young people "go Dutch" on the cost of going out while some plan good times at home or in church where there is little cost or none; they have outgrown the notion that fun has to cost money.

IT IS best to distrust all answers that fix a "fact" for you and say dating is all wrong before a certain age and all right after it. Such an easy answer is likely to be wrong *for you*. It depends upon the kind of person you are and what else you do and want to do with your life. Some could follow all the rules and miss the mark,

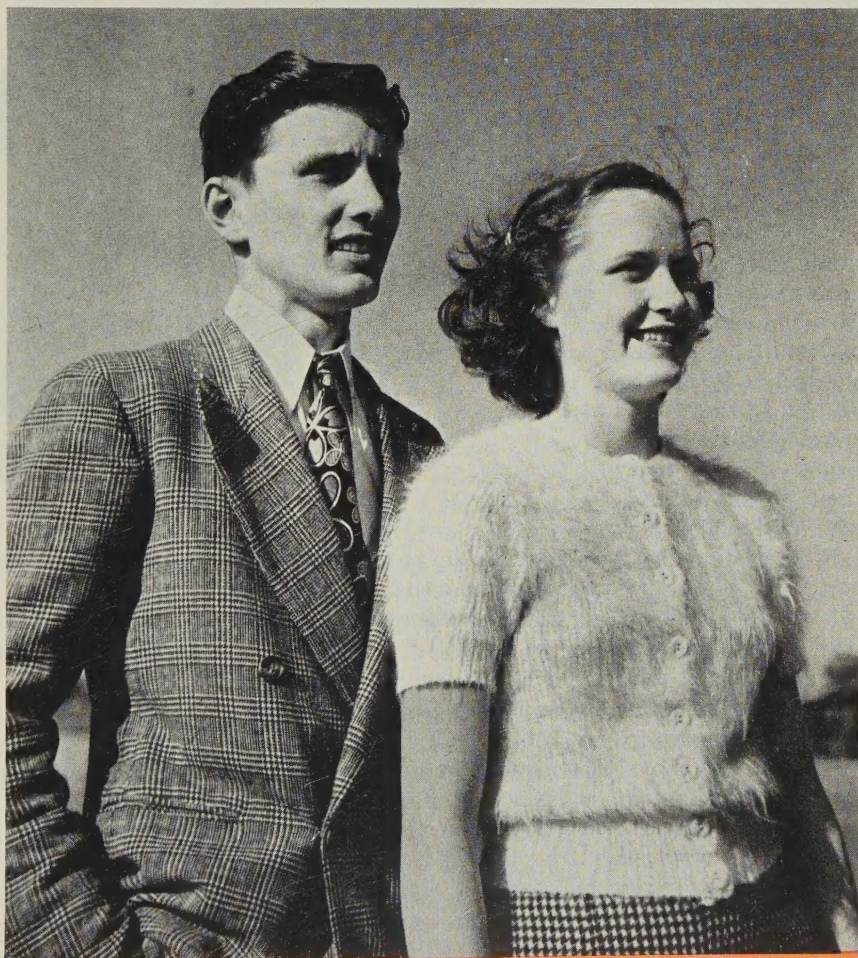
while others could miss the rules and win out magnificently. Why? Because, for one thing, they are fortified by the unconscious sex education discussed in the article last month, and, for another thing, by their absorption in causes and interests and life-filling ambitions outside themselves. And when such purposes are Christian, these persons have an inner source of spiritual power that holds them, and other persons, steady, anywhere, at any time.

Finally, here is guidance for a wise and healthy sex life that goes a long way back. Cornelia, the widow of Tiberius Gracchus, wrote a letter to her two sons who were to become the Gracchi, leaders of the reform movement among the farmers of the Roman Empire. These people lived in the second and third centuries before Christ. In these words is the final case for self-control and wisdom in living

a chaste and honorable life. Forget if you wish all that I have said, but, remember her words forever:

"Remember that your wives are now living on the earth. . . . Pray for their weal, although as yet they have not seen their future husbands. . . . Pray for the weal of those husbands, although as yet they have never been seen by their future wives.

". . . . In the midst of the corruptions of Rome remember that she who is to be to you what I have been to Tiberius Gracchus will require, if she is what I am, that you should be to her what Tiberius Gracchus was to me. . . . Anticipate that God will be as good to you as he is to most men. In due time he will open a home for you. In due time you will come to the hearthstone which even now he is putting together, piece by piece. In due time there will be for you an opening of the gates which enter the most sacred temple in which man can worship. Prepare afar off for the event which Providence prepares for you afar off. If the sirens sing take them to your future hearthstone and, looking on it, turn your back upon what will be no temptation as long as your heart is warmed by the anticipated family fire."



—Eva Luoma.

Having many friends of the opposite sex is a good beginning. Then later pairing off will be easier and happier.

A Short Story by Thyra Wickman

ILLUSTRATED BY CHIS PEARSON

Mama in Papa

WHEN it came to preaching, Papa was tops! He had a way of breaking down the hardest minds and softening the most rebellious hearts. He could make men confess their hidden sins, and women weep over their erring lives . . . but when it came to Mama and how to handle her . . . Papa was lost.

Mama always had her own way. If he blocked her in one place, she would loophole through another. If he thought he had her cornered, she would miraculously squeeze by his all-seeing eye. Mama was like that, but that was only part of Mama . . . most of her was big-hearted, loving, and beautiful and she was only half the age of Papa. (Now Papa should have known better than to marry her, preacher that he was.)

Papa very likely would have served a large church if it had not been for his family of seven children. It was a bit odd that the larger churches objected to calling as their pastor, a man who had obeyed the Lord's command of propagating the earth. So Papa had to be content with a small church and the small salary that went with it . . . and then, of course, he had Mama and the seven children.

Now Papa was a man with utmost patience. But when he suddenly became ill on a Sunday morning, and Mama made up her mind to fill his pulpit, well . . . that was more than even a patient man could take. Twice he made a desperate effort to reach the phone to call Deacon Lund, but to no avail. Mama blocked his way each time and gently but firmly pushed him back into bed.

"Please, Pontus, stay in bed and be sick in peace," she pleaded, "and don't fret, dear, I have a thing or two to tell that congregation, and I might as well do it this Sunday morning."

Papa was licked again! He was too sick to argue.

He could just as well try to stop Niagara Falls as to stop Mama. If she had made up her mind to preach, she would preach one way or another. Poor Papa! And he was supposed to be sick in peace. The words sounded as a cool breeze on a scorching day in July, but what comfort could they give him? He placed his tired head on the white pillow.

After all these years that he had been Mama's husband, there should be some way to stop her, at least long enough to make her listen to reason. Oh, why didn't the Lord, after he had created Eve and presented her to Adam, make a key with which to unlock her, a key, to be handed down from generation to generation? That might have stopped the little woman from twisting her man to her will. A thorn in the flesh . . . that was what a woman was! A chain around the neck! A weight on the foot! Now, for instance, how would Mama preach without a text? The thought struck Papa between the eyes. He sat straight up in bed and stared at Mama.

"Maria," he barked, "don't you know that to be able to preach you ought to have a text?"

"Don't get so excited, darling," soothed Mama, "I have a text!" She smiled and showed her dimples. "In fact, I have had a text for years. It's about those fishermen that fished all night and caught nothing. I'll just change it a bit. My subject shall be: 'His Ten Lean Years.'"

Papa gasped, "You can't do that," he wailed, "you'll preach me right out of a church."

Mama tucked the blankets around Papa's shoulders and placed a deaf ear to all his pleadings.

"Pontus," she said, "our bank account is leaner than a rabbit's front tooth. I intend to do something about it. Just wait and see."



Papa was licked again

Stands Shoes

"Don't worry, dear," she said. "I'll preach this morning," and Papa was sicker than ever.

MAMA dressed with care. She wore a black dress with white trimmings. Her blond hair was carefully brushed back from her forehead and held in perfect order with two combs.

"How do I look, darling?" she asked.

Papa did not answer, he turned his face toward the wall and closed his eyes. Mama seemed unconcerned about his manners.

"Now I'll put the baby to sleep . . . the other children can all go to church. You see there is not a thing to worry about."

Beads of perspiration formed on Papa's forehead. No there was not a thing to worry about! Not a thing! It was lucky indeed his occupation was not an engineer on a fast passenger train because Mama, being Mama, would have taken that over, too.

When Mama left the bedroom, Papa opened his eyes. He could see the white church across the street from the parsonage bedroom window. It was a homey church, friendly and inviting. The doors were wide open. Up there in front was the pulpit he had occupied for ten years. Ten years exclusively his own! Today Mama would be standing there slim and blond and preach him out of a job. As Papa thought about it he almost blew up from rage.

At exactly 10:55 A.M., Mama and the long line of children left the parsonage. Papa saw Mama smile and greet the people as she entered through the church doors. What a woman! thought Papa as the goose-flesh suffused his arms and hands. What a woman!

Mama would never know how to handle that congregation. They were a touchy bunch of people, and still hard to penetrate. Hadn't he hinted for a raise for the last two years? And hadn't they completely ignored the hint, because such a thing as a raise for their



Deacon Lund considered the church fortunate to have two preachers



Mama

underpaid shepherd had never even been taken up at a board meeting. Now what would happen when Mama appeared in the pulpit and preached about his "Ten Lean Years"?

Papa counted the minutes until Mama would come back into the parsonage. His body felt old and his soul was discouraged. It did not help matters when he later had to listen to the twittering and laughter in the kitchen. Mama was telling stories as she prepared the children's dinner. Today Papa was just tired of being Mama's husband. She was too young for him and too full of tricks. He almost hated her as she came into his bedroom with the broth.

"If I were a well man, Maria, I would turn you over my knee," he said. "You know you have gone completely against my wishes."

"Drink this broth while it is hot," commanded Mama, "and as for preaching, I wouldn't undo that for a barrel of gold."

"Preaching!" sneered Papa. "What do you know about preaching?"

"I know this," said Mama, "that I simply *love* it! And if it wasn't for the children I think I would go into that business." As she talked she patted Papa on the cheek. "You should be proud of me, Pontus!"

But Papa was far from proud. There was a queer

(Continued on page 30.)

Of

"The Way"

The lives of Jesus' early followers called forth this simple but adequate name for Christianity. What does it mean for us today?

By Jack Finegan

THE Christian religion is called "the Way" in the Book of Acts. This is surely the shortest name there is for our faith, and it is perhaps also the oldest. Even before we are told of the time when the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, we find in the Book of Acts the designation "the Way." The first occurrence of this name is in Acts 9:2, where Saul went to Damascus, "that if he found any that were of the Way, whether men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem." The other passages where the same designation occurs are Acts 19:9, 19:23, 22:4 and 24:22.

What does the name "the Way" suggest about the nature of being a Christian? It makes us realize that Christians are not lost. When going across country in which it would be very easy to become lost, it is an encouraging thing to find the signs of a way, a blaze upon a tree trunk or a cairn of rocks high in the mountains. A Christian is never altogether lost because Someone has been this way before and has left markers for his guidance.

That Christians are people of the Way also emphasizes that they are travelers and pilgrims. It is a misconception to believe that Christians think of themselves as already perfect. This is by no means so. The very fact that they are people of the Way indicates that they are journeying on toward a farther goal.

When it is said that Christians are of the Way, it is plainly indicated that there is something distinctive about Christianity. This

is not any peculiarity of dress or habit, but a special quality of life. Jesus stated it when he said, "By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." An ancient letter written perhaps about A.D. 130 put it like this:

"The Christians are distinguished from other men neither by country, nor language, nor the customs which they observe. For they neither inhabit cities of their own, nor employ a peculiar form of speech, nor lead a life which is marked out by any singularity. . . . But, inhabiting Greek as well as barbarian cities, according as the lot of each of them has been determined, and following the customs of the natives in respect to clothing, food, and the rest of their ordinary conduct, they display to us their wonderful and confessedly striking method of life. . . . What the soul is in the body, that the Christians are in the world."

How then may we know if we are of "the Way"? Here are several questions to ask: Have we come in by the main entrance? In John Bunyan's dream of *Pilgrim's Progress*, he saw that the highway up which Christian went was fenced on either side with a wall

which was called Salvation. As Pilgrim went along, two men came tumbling over the wall on the left hand of the narrow way. The two men were named Formalist and Hypocrisy and were from the land of Vain-Glory. When Christian asked, "Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way?" they replied that to go to the gate for entrance was considered too far about by all their countrymen; and that, therefore, their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall. It would seem as if this had gotten them into the way all right, but it also had accustomed them to taking short cuts. A little later when the way went straight up the Hill of Difficulty, they turned off on side roads and were never heard from again.

Some of the early leaders of our churches were much concerned to discover in the New Testament what the main entrance is into the way of life and to make it plain so that he who runs may read. They found that faith and repentance, confession and baptism were clearly indicated as constituting the entrance to "the Way."

In addition to doing the best we know how to come in by the New Testament entrance, we may ask whether the way we are proceeding checks with how Jesus said it would be. He declared that the gate is wide and the way broad that leads to destruction, but that the gate is strait and the way narrow that leads to life. If we go in by an entrance which simply allows us to do anything we want to and then soon find that the apparently broad way narrows down into a blind alley, we can be sure that is not the Way. If we go in by an entrance which demands much of us and go along a narrow path which opens up more and more into life itself, we can be confident that this is the Way indeed.

We can also ask if there are marks upon the pathway left by the great Pioneer who has gone ahead, and also if, especially in darksome places, there is a Pilgrim Presence with us.

Where does the Way lead? It leads out among men, all the experiences of life and at last unto a holy city. We believe that if enough people would come and walk together on this way, a holy city would be reached right here upon earth. Out beyond this life too, there is a holy city to which this way goes. Having climbed the Hill of Difficulty, traversed the Valley of Humiliation, and escaped from the clutches of Giant Despair, Christian and Hopeful at last passed safely over the River of Death and were admitted into the glorious city of God. John Bunyan wrote: "Now, when they were come up to the gate there was written over it, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.' Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate, and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured. I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun."

Heart's Rest

Where is the place the heart can rest?
What can it claim as its own?
'Mid earth's confusions and conflicts
The heart feels bereft and alone.

* * * * *

Down on a landscape exceeding fair,
Pale morning sun through thin, clear air
Sifts in a golden tide.
Wide, green valley flat stretched below,
Encircling mountains crowned with snow
Many-faceted gleam.
Weaving 'mong dancing aspen trees
Silv'ry threads in the green, there spreeds
The foam-embroidered stream.

Along its gray, rock-girded strength
Deep shadows lay their lazy length
Adown the steep hillside.
Plumed smoke feathered in palest blue
Marks the roof-tree that shelters you
And here the heart can rest.

* * * * *

Home is the place the heart can rest;
Home it can claim as its own.
Home is the place the heart can rest
And know it is never alone.

—FRANCES MAY

Crusading Faith

A Chandelier of Faith
And a Christian family. . .
With these we build the Church
And Crusade to victory.

—MAYME GARNER MILLER

We Are Disciples

We are Disciples who follow Him
Across the centuries—faith undimmed—
Crusading that Christ may have
full sway
Of all who journey along life's
way.

—MAYME GARNER MILLER

Is Your Family *Fun?*

By Doris Clore Demaree

**Family action puts fun into
living together. It's like the fizz in ginger ale.**

HOW does your family spend its summer days? It is then that the children are on vacation from school. Many of Mother's winter activities are discontinued for the summer (although she may have some new ones). Father's work may not be too different and, while he may not have many hours of leisure, a larger per cent of the time will be daylight than at any other time of the year. Also, he may have a vacation period during the summer. What does your family do together? Are you using a portion of the time for family fun?

Even work is fun if the entire family works together to do the job. A number of years ago one family I know built a backyard pool and rock garden. The children watched for interesting rocks wherever they went. Just the other day I was in this same backyard. The older son, now married, was there examining a large flat fossil-printed rock and turned to his mother, "Remember how we kids dragged this rock all the way from the creek because we couldn't carry it? It must have been more than half a mile!" He was recalling memories of happy times together.

"Thank you for the books you sent us," wrote a newly married daughter to her parents. "We are reading them together. It's lots more fun that way." Her mother knew the idea and part of the joy in reading together stemmed from the fun in a home where reading together had been a part of their family life from the time the oldest child could enjoy it. Have you ever tried it?

Among the colorful flowerpots on the windowsill of another home stands a large, beautifully shaped lichen. "Why do you keep it?" questions the grown son. "I think it's beautiful," answered his mother. But I am sure she keeps it for more than that. Time was when John became interested in lichens. He collected them everywhere. And so did the rest of the family, for what John was interested in doing, so were they all. The whole family collected lichens. When Mary collected stones, or bottles, or seeds, all the rest kept their eyes open for "finds" for her. When Billy collected butterflies Dad was likely to

come in from his garden-hoeing with, "Here's a queer sort of caterpillar I thought you might like." And everyone stopped whatever he was doing to look at it, to wonder, to search for the name of the butterfly that it someday would be, or to help find a jar in which to put it.

There are so many things that families can collect—if they are interested—rocks, for instance, strange rocks, different types of rocks, rocks from different places. Pressed leaves or flowers can be collected, or seeds, shells, bugs or butterflies, lichens, ferns, fossils. The list is as endless as the interests of the family and doubtless will vary from year to year, and rightly so.

DOES your family have a camera? Whether expensive or inexpensive, the fun a family can have together with a camera is bounded only by the interests of the family and the money they have to spend on a hobby. Some things that a family may do together cost little or nothing in dollars and cents. Photography is not one of them.

However, the variety of interesting possibilities in this activity are many. One family is interested in black and white prints for enlarging. Others are more interested in still, projected pictures and they find joy in 35mm. kodachromes, colorful scenes or closeups—perhaps of wildflowers. Some are most interested in taking the pictures, others find equal joy in developing and printing them. Either way the satisfactions are great.

The Jones family likes to fish. They know where all the best places are for hundreds of miles in any direction. They know when to fish where, and what to use for bait. Sometimes the boys have been known to pedal their bicycles as far as thirty miles to a good fishing spot, when the whole family couldn't go along, but the family shares their interest and the tales they have to tell upon their return.

THE Smiths do not care so much for fishing but they do like picnics. Sometimes they drive to one of the state parks where they will spend their time lolling beneath the trees, listening to the many kinds of birds there, or enjoying some of the many other possibilities for fun found in that particular park.

They may have their picnic in a nearer city park, or simply drive to a roadside table or picnic lookout point along a lovely section of highway. They may drive to the edge of a lake where they can eat as they watch the sun go down in crimson glory. Or the Smiths (and this happens oftenest of all) may have the picnic in their own backyard.

At one time the Smiths' backyard was filled with steep slopes. A clothesline occupied the only level spot there. Someone got an idea and today the clothesline is along the far edge of the lot and much of the slope has been filled and terraced until there is plenty of level ground for outdoor fun, room for the brick fireplace, the tables and lounging chairs, the badminton court and horseshoe games. Leveling the slopes, building the stone wall to hold the terrace, and even building the fireplace, was fun, too—family fun, for the Smiths did it together.

These picnic lovers keep a basket packed with the usual utensils needed on a picnic. Suggest an outing and the work for it is divided. Perhaps Johnnie gets the ax and kindling. Jim goes to the grocery, if necessary, while Mother and Mary gather together the other articles of food, do whatever cooking, if any, is needed. (Sometimes all the cooking is done at the picnic spot, sometimes all of it is done at home. Father puts in the blankets, the camp stools, and whatever other larger equipment is required and they are off.

PLANNING the family fun for the summer may include camping. Dad's vacation is the time for that. A cottage at the lake, a cabin at the state park, or a tent pitched along the creek can be fun. Taking a trip is fun. It may be for the day to some interesting historical point. It may be a week-end trip with attendance on Sunday at a near-by church service. It may be by bus or train, by auto or bicycle. But either way it can be fun.

Planning the trip will be one thing if the children are small, another if they are older but *with careful planning* it will be enjoyed by all. It is fun, if possible, to plan to cook your own meals wherever picnic facilities are available along the way. Adults and children will find far greater relaxation in outdoor cooking than sitting in restaurants on a vacation trip.

LAST summer the Browns couldn't get away for even a day of fun. "Some summer without a vacation," grumbled the children. "Wish we could take an automobile trip like Uncle Joe's are planning." And that gave Mrs. Brown an idea. Mrs. Brown's brother (Uncle Joe) and his family lived on a hill in the country not far from town. "Why don't you let us come out and take care of the chickens and rabbits while you are gone?" she asked. And that is how it



—Eva Luoma.
Picnics! Of course! They are this family's favorite summer fun. Everyone pitches in to help prepare them and everyone brings home unforgettable memories.

happened that while "Uncle Joe's" were away for a month-long vacation trip the Browns vacationed in the country.

The children gathered eggs. They fed and watered the chickens and the rabbits. They played in the haymow and found "hideouts" of their own. They jumped and rolled in the grass or ran and shouted from pure joy. Mornings and evenings the whole family was together and together they enjoyed the cool night breezes that in town they never had known. And when the month was up it really was difficult to tell which family had had the nicest vacation, the one that took the trip or the one that went to the country.

Other town families might well explore the possibilities for vacations in country homes while the farm family is away on their own vacation. Although I never have known it to happen, it might even work the other way, that a family that always has lived in the country might enjoy spending a few vacation days in the home of city friends while the city family was away, and thus be able to experience some of the joys of city living. After all, isn't that a vacation—to do something different from the usual activities?

We have been getting excited about summertime possibilities for fun but we haven't nearly exhausted the possibilities even for fun at home. Besides the badminton and horseshoes that was mentioned earlier, there are many other games that may be played in the backyard—croquet, for instance, on that level grass, or shuffleboard on that smooth concrete driveway. String up some lights and the fun will go on into the night.

Is your family fun? It can be.

YOU can't be really good unless you're really well," our family physician used to say when I was a child. And now that I have come to be a homemaker, with three lively youngsters of my own, I find myself echoing that homely bit of philosophy many times.

As Christian parents, I think most of us have at least one thing in common—we want our children to be good. In the child's everyday training at home, in the hours spent at Sunday school each week, and in his limited social experience, this idea—or ideal—is constantly being impressed upon him. We send him out to play with the familiar admonishment, "Now be a good boy, Johnnie!" Granted—we want them to be good. But is it not just a little too much to expect of them if they are not well at the same time? Perhaps it would be wise for us to take an inventory of our attitude toward health in general, and consider seriously what we can do to insure *better* health both for our children and ourselves.

First of all, much depends upon our choice of a doctor. You are indeed fortunate if you have a family physician who is well acquainted with your personal history, and who has known your children from birth. If you live in a larger city, you may have a trained pediatrician at your service. But this point is important: having once decided on your physician, and having satisfied yourself that he is a man in whom you may place full confidence, then stick with him! You may be sure that any conscientious physician will be only too eager to call in a consultant, should the problem at hand seem too big for him to tackle alone.

Teach your child to look upon the doctor as a friend. Try to make him realize that here is a person who not only wants to help him *get* well, when he is ill, but who wants to help him *stay* well. This idea can be gradually built up over years of periodic check-ups.

The same line of thought applies to hospitals. Teach your child to respect, rather than fear, the hospital. If you happen to be riding past, point it out

as a place where sick people are being helped to grow well and strong, where many fine things are being done by doctors, nurses and their helpers, to save lives. Then should the time come when Johnnie must part with his tonsils, he will not get panicky over a trip to the big brick building. You can help immensely in this respect by censoring the family conversation, especially when Aunt Emily starts in on her "operation," complete with all the gruesome details.

THEN there are certain health habits to consider. Surely most of us who have had babies in these modern times know the rules for periodic "check-ups." During the first six months of a child's life, he should see the doctor once a month for a thorough going over. When he has passed the half-year mark, an examination every three months is usually sufficient. After he has reached the ripe old age of one, he may graduate to two complete check-ups each year. Of course, there should be visits to the doctor at other times, if they are indicated.

Under health habits I would like to emphasize, too, the importance of regularity in meal time as well as the necessity of starting training in cleanliness at a very early age. There's the matter of washing chubby little hands before meals, of brushing tiny teeth before there's a pearly mouthful, of developing proper toilet habits. We cannot be too careful when it comes to teaching a child the difference between cleanliness and dirt. I'm not condemning mud pies, Mother. On the contrary, I consider them an almost necessary part of a small child's play experience. But I am insisting that the little pie-maker learn to see the necessity of cleaning up after the baking is completed and the delectable morsels stand drying in the sun!

Let us not overlook the importance of supervised play as we think of our child's health habits. Some children can "take" more than others and it is wise to know at just what point in his activity your child is likely to become overtired or exhausted. We must definitely be on guard to avoid overfatigue. The physically exhausted child is ripe for whatever germs happen to be floating around.

Add this to your list of health habits, too. When illness *does* occur—even a slight one—and your doctor advises complete bed rest, do respect his decision. Do not give in to Johnnie's plea which you are sure to hear as soon as he feels better: "Please let me get up, Mommy—I'm not sick any more!" If he does not learn to be patient in the matter of a little illness and a few days in bed, how can you expect to reconcile him to a much longer period of convalescence should a really serious sickness occur?

I do want to mention the parent's responsibility in developing a feeling of consideration for other people. It is not fair to send a sneezy, sniffly child out to play with other children, is it? It is not right to pack a child off to school with a "cold in the nose," or an annoying cough. When you hear Johnnie answering his chum's call with "Sorry, but I can't play with you today, I have a cold!" then you may feel

Christian Parents Look at Health

By Mary Peacock



—A. Devaney.

Here's to good health, a prerequisite to good behavior.

justifiably proud of your son. He has acquired a health habit that more of us would do well to adopt.

ALL the time you are teaching your child these simple rules of health you will be watching for anything unusual in his development. You will be on the lookout for speech, visual or hearing defects or for bones that seem a little out of line. If you are the least bit uncertain about any of these things you will call your doctor right away and ask for a special check on them.

There's another problem we all encounter sooner or later. A few days ago, I watched two neighborhood youngsters at play in front of our house. Suddenly, an argument arose as to who should have first turn on the three-wheeler. Alan announced imperiously to his sister Susan: "You gotta let *me* be first, 'cause I gotta sore toe!" And Susan promptly yielded to the small tyrant's demand. Already, this child had learned to trade on a physical disability! Surely nothing could be worse than to let such an attitude continue as the child grows older.

True, we must recognize the fact that a sick or hurt child requires very special love and understanding and that the parents must have infinite patience in dealing with him. He will be irritable and touchy and discipline in its strictest sense is definitely not in order. But he must learn that being sick does not give him an advantage over his brothers and sisters

or mean that his every demand will be met. Otherwise we may find Johnnie getting a sore throat at the oddest possible times or complaining of a pain in the tummy just when the family is ready to leave for Sunday school.

If he accepts the fact that *everybody* gets sick once in a while and that he is no different from anyone else, he will be happier and healthier in mind as well as body. And if Johnnie is ever faced with a serious handicap, he will not waste time feeling sorry for himself or making a nuisance of himself. Instead, he will get busy overcoming his difficulties to the best of his ability.

Here is a point aimed straight at Mother and Daddy, *not* Johnnie! Please, parents don't ever try to fool your child when he is about to undergo a new medical experience. This business of "No, dear, the needle won't hurt a bit" is all wrong. How much wiser to say, "Yes, it will hurt—but only for a minute. And you'd rather feel a tiny prick now than be sick later on, wouldn't you?"

I recall two children who underwent tonsillectomies on the same day. One little fellow had been told that he would simply go to sleep, and that it would not hurt at all. The other small chap had been informed that he would breathe something to make him sleep, and that when he awoke, his throat would hurt. In fact, it might be very sore for some time. The child who had been misinformed was thoroughly shocked to awaken to pain and nausea. For months he held a deep resentment against his parents, the doctor and the hospital. But the other boy, the one who *knew* what to expect, took it in his stride, and cheerfully endured the discomfort.

We cannot afford to overlook the urgent necessity of an early diagnosis in any illness. If Johnnie seems tired and listless and runs a slight temperature, do not stall around to see if he gets any worse. You may be gambling with your child's life. Take rheumatic fever, the number one killer of children. If it is not recognized early and the child treated accordingly, severe damage may be done to the heart—damage which all the miracle drugs in the world can never repair. Don't ever take chances with self-medication. Your doctor knows more than you do.

Yet, at the same time, do not be caught napping with an empty first aid kit. Accidents occur in the best of families, and sometimes your doctor cannot be reached immediately. So do try to have on hand an adequate supply of bandages, sterile gauze squares, adhesive tape and a good antiseptic solution. And do not overlook the comforting hot water bottle and soothing ice bag. Plenty of clean white cloths are in order, too, and maybe even a few straight boards or sticks—in arm, hand or finger lengths—in the event that the doctor has to rely on a homemade splint to make a fracture patient comfortable until he gets to the hospital.

Remember, Mothers and Dads, those precious little scamps of yours "can't be really good unless they're really well."

Many a difficult phrase is expressed
effectively in a special way by this . . .

Family of Letter Writers

By Nancy Brewer

WHEN our neighbors see the postman coming down our street, some of them will say to their children, "Look at those letters in his hand. Half of them will be for the family at the corner. They get more mail than all of the rest of us in the block together."

The letters the mail carrier brings to our home are just a part of the letters we receive—just a part of the ones we write. For there are letters the neighbors never see delivered at our door or carried by some one of us to the corner mail box to be dropped into the slot there. These letters which are written and delivered within the walls of our own home are the ones which are the ones most important to all of us.

This morning I saw an envelope on the bedside table in Donald's room. The handwriting on it was distinctly that of his older brother George. When I saw it there, I knew that George was apologizing to Donald for the few harsh words he spoke yesterday when Donald twitted him about Ann North. At noon Donald told George the apology was accepted by holding out the chicken pulley bone and saying, "Make a wish before you pull."

Last week the same kind of an envelope was on Mary Jean's vanity. And though we all respect the letters of each other and keep the personal ones our own secrets, Mary Jean brought George's note to me. She said, "It's so sweet, Mom, I just have to share it with you so you'll love George more and more all the time."

It was a sweet letter—the letter of a young brother with ideals who asked his sister not to sit in the same booth with girls who were smoking at the corner drug store. George told Mary Jean how proud he was that his sisters did not smoke and how afraid he was that when some man saw smoke coming from a booth, he would decide that all of the girls inside were smoking.

Some of the letters written in our home have not been kind letters. Some, a few, were written in the heat of anger. I remember the one written by Eleanor to Bob when he broke his promise to take her to a football game in high school. I remember that for several days there was no conversation between the

two oldest children in our home. And I also remember the day Bob came to me to say, "Mom, I've apologized to Eleanor, and she wants that letter back. But I think I should keep it to read occasionally so I won't break any more promises to her."

A little later a tearful Eleanor came to my room. She "just couldn't bear for Bob to reread the letter. It's mean and spiteful," she wailed. "It will make him hate me."

In time the letter was burned by Bob and Eleanor together. And never again has Eleanor written a letter in the heat of anger. How much unhappiness that has saved her! Yes, how very much! Only the people who have written words they afterward wish they could erase know that.

IT WAS when Bob came home from his first stay at Boy Scout camp, that we started the custom of writing notes and letters to each other. As Bob unpacked he took from his quaint Scout duffel bag a thin package of letters. "They're your letters, Mom." He looked at me. "I'm going to keep them too. They are such nice letters that I want to read them over when I get mad because you won't let me have my own way and think you aren't fair and that—" he stopped and grinned so his freckles shone stronger on his fair skin than usual, "that you're kind of mean. Then," his brown eyes were warm now, "I'll know what a grand mom you are."

Tiny Donald looked at the letters and then at me. "Wite me a wetter, Mamma," he begged.

"She can't until you go away from home," Eleanor began. "People don't write letters to each other when they are at home."

"But they do, Eleanor," I told her. "Daddy's written me little letters right here in this home. But that was a long time ago when he and I were impulsive and said short things to each other. We found letters a nice way to tell how sorry we were."

"Wite me a wetter," Donald was insistent.

"I shall, darling," I told him. "I'll write it to-night and then George can read it to you in the morning."

That night I wrote a little note on my typewriter, asking Donald to remember to keep the drinking bowl of his puppy filled. I told him how thirsty the puppy had been that day when I found him standing beside the empty bowl.

And all the next day tiny Donald watched the bowl with such close attention that I realized for the first time how valuable letters to one's children can be.

So I began to write my children letters in which I told them of things they had done, I did not want repeated—letters commending them for the things they did I wanted repeated—letters telling of my love for them, my dreams of success for them, my ideals for boys and girls, and my pride in the good things they did.

ROBERT, our eldest son, said one day, "You scold nicer on paper than you do when you talk, Mom."

And Mary Eleanor, "Letters last longer than speeches, Mom. I keep the one you wrote about my need of friends as well as a chum, on top of my dresser. When I see it, I remember to walk home from school with all the girls on this street and not just Peggy."

And George, my quick-tempered son, whom I love so much because he is like the little brother who flew away to his death in the First World War has often told me that my letters have helped to a greater self-control.

My letters, I know, have helped my children to know their Christ better. For in them I have told them of my own experiences of feeling His nearness when I walk in the woods, when I drop into the corner church on afternoons I'm tired or discouraged or grief-stricken over the death of some one near to me. In them I have listed a chapter of the Bible or two I want them to read during the coming week. In them I have said, "Daily I thank God for giving you children to me and when I see how He has cared for you (at some special time), I know he loves you even more than I do."

Yes, I have written my children many secrets of my heart and soul—secrets I want them to share so that they too will call upon their God often—early in the morning and at night when they sit under a star-studded sky. I want them to realize the nearness of Him always, especially when the day is quiet and the night without Him seems a wee bit frightful.

When they are away I write them letters—chatty letters about the things in which they are interested—the people they love. I take time off for preparation of those letters before I write one. I list the things in which I know Donald will be interested while he is at Scout camp—the puppies next door, his own pony being cared for by a little neighbor, his father's garden, the boys who were in his class at church school last Sunday, the scores of the different junior baseball teams on the summer playgrounds, and other happenings like that.



—Philip Gendreau.

The letters he carries to and from their house are only part of what they write.

I asked him to tell me about the canoe trips he'll take on the river with other Scouts with their leader, the handicraft he's doing, the fun he and the other boys have been doing KP duty and the campfire programs at night.

Yes, I ask questions to help him learn to write better letters, for I want him to know how to bring pleasure to the people whom he writes. And I do not want him to write letters when he has been hurt or is resentful over things until he has thought over the situation so he will write wisely and well.

My neighbor long ago commented to me, "We often wonder why we never hear you scold."

And each time I remember the words of Robert so long ago, "You scold nicer on paper than you do when you talk."

And I also remember the words of Henry, my husband, one day a few years after that, "The children forget what we say much more easily than they do *what we write*."

And that gave me the key for the letters I write to my children—the secret key which opens the art of letter writing to children, friends—everyone you know—"Write only the things you want remembered."

Because we have shared that secret in our home, few letters have been written which brought pain to the one who received or the one who wrote.

Finding God Through Happy Experiences

SUMMER should be a happy time for a family. Increased leisure and freedom from schedules and routine duties give opportunity to do things together. God's good plan for his children includes happiness and joy. He wants children to be happy. He wants parents to be joyous. Both children and parents are happy when they maintain right relationships with each other and with God. As they have good times together, parents and children are strengthening right relationships. As they recognize God in their good times, they are strengthening their relationship with him.

Happy times at home playing games or having a picnic in the back yard may be when the family will think of God. Taking a hike, studying trees, flowers, rocks or stars may bring the thought of God to others. Experiences with water, at the seashore or lake, or with rain, may be the opportunity for still others to think of God's plan for happiness and well-being.

The Scripture verses, prayers and poems on these pages may be used by the family as they worship God for good times together. They may help them to recall such experiences. They may help other families to plan for them. Read "Is Your Family Fun?" page 10, to see how some families have had happy experiences.

For you shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing; and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

—Isaiah 55:12.

For everything there is in a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven: . . . a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

—Ecclesiastes 3:1, 4.

**Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;
Let the floods clap their hands,
Let the hills sing for joy together before the LORD.**

—Psalm 98:7-9.

**He will yet fill thy mouth with laughter,
And thy lips with shouting.**

—Job 8:21.

**Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing:
Then said they among the nations,
The LORD hath done great things for them.**

—Psalm 126:2.



WORSHIP IN THE

with

A Table Grace

**To God who gives us daily bread
A thankful song we raise
And pray that He who sends us food
Will fill our hearts with praise.**

—ANONYMOUS.

Prayers

**Dear God, thank you for our home and our family.
Thank you for the happy times we have together.
Help me to remember that I have a share in making
our good times and in keeping our home a happy
place.**

—J. B. C.

**Father, we thank thee for the beautiful world
you have planned: for warm sunshine, for beautiful
flowers, for leafing trees and singing birds. May
all these things remind us of thy love and care.
Amen.**

—By Beulah Thomas

*A Song of Thankfulness*¹

**Father, we thank thee, Father, we thank thee,
Thank thee for all that is happy and gay!
For all our pleasures, For all our treasures,
Music and laughter and games that we play!**

**Father, we thank thee, Father, we thank thee,
Thank thee for all that is gentle and kind!
For all our near ones, For all our dear ones,
Playmates and parents and friends that we find!**

**Father, we thank thee, Father, we thank thee,
Thank thee for all that is lovely and free!
Sunlight and flowers, Rainbow and showers,
Moonlight and starlight and mountain and sea!**

—CLARE GRIFFIN

¹From Foresman's *The High Road of Song*. Used by permission of The American Book Company.

Children



The Fairest Time

Thank God for lovely summertime,
The fairest of the year,
When leaves are thick on every bough,
And brooks are running clear.

When flowers shine, and berries come,
And golden bees go by,
And lovely bends, above our home,
The blue, eternal sky.

There's beauty over everything,
When clear the robins call,
"Thank God for summertime," we sing,
"The fairest time of all."

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

I Made a Little Song

I made a little song of happy things,
A song that in my heart joyously sings.
Of flowers, sunshine, stars, and bluebirds' wings;
Of all the good and beauty God's love brings.

—ROSALEE HAWTHORNE

For Flowers that Bloom

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of birds and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear and see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Thank You, God, for Summer

(A Litany)

Teeter-totters, slides, and swings,
And all the fun a playground brings;
Thank You, God, for Summer.

Picnics eaten in the park,
Starlight singing after dark;
Thank You, God, for Summer.

Fishing in a lake or stream,
Playing catcher on our team;
Thank You, God, for Summer.

Family riding in the car—
Sometimes near, and sometimes far;
Thank You, God, for Summer.

Seeing friends who live away,
Making new friends at our play.
Thank You, God, for Summer.

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCRAW

The Heavens Declare Thy Glory

The heavens declare thy glory,
The firmament thy power;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour;
Night unto night replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying,
The wonders of thy hand.

The sun with royal splendor
Goes forth to chant thy praise,
And moonbeams, soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise;
O'er every tribe and nation
The music strange is poured;
The song of all creation,
To thee, creation's Lord.

All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars, with solemn voices,
Resound thy praises still;
So let my whole behavior,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to thee.

—THOMAS R. BIRKS.

Jasper discovers a thief just in
time to save Bessie and have...



Milk for Supper

A Story by Doris Clore Demaree

JASPER stopped when he reached the woodpile and looked about him. The sun was peeping over the tops of the big elm trees by the gate. High in the treetops the bluejays were fussing with the sparrows. From the chicken yard came the sound of the busy, cackling hens. As Jasper listened, from the distance he heard the tinkle, tinkle of the bell fastened around the neck of Bessie the cow. It was a beautiful summer day of 1910.

"It's just right for fishing," Jasper was thinking.

"Hurry up, son," came his mother's voice from the house, "the bread is in the oven."

Jasper quickly bent to the freshly split sticks of wood. When he had all he could carry he walked swiftly to the house. He rested the wood on one knee as he pulled open the screen door, then it banged behind just as he dropped the sticks with another bang into the huge woodbox beside the hot cookstove. Two more trips to the woodpile, two more bangs of the screen door and the falling wood and the box was full to overflowing.

"Anything else you want me to do for you, Mom?" he asked.

Mrs. Dorrell carefully finished peeling an apple before she spoke. "What's got into you all at once?" she asked. "Must be something you are wanting or you wouldn't have carried in three loads of wood without being told to do it the second time."

Jasper slowly shifted his weight from foot to foot, "Aw, Mom, I—"

Mrs. Dorrell lifted her eyes from the apple peelings to smile at him, "Of course, it's a wonderful day for fishing. Bring a fresh pail of water from the spring house, then away with you! But watch the sun. If you want your fish for supper best get home in time to cook them."

"Thanks, Mom," gasped Jasper. He picked up the big wooden water pail from the kitchen table and with another slam of the door he ran for the springhouse. Before he filled the bucket he lifted the big gourd dipper from its nail on the wall and dipped it into the cool flowing spring water. He drank deeply then wiped the moisture from his face with his sleeve as he hung the dipper back on the nail. He dipped the wooden pail deep into the water, then, with a strong pull, he lifted it from the coolness and carried it dripping toward the house. As he walked

the water splashed onto his bare toes. "I must be careful," he thought, "or I'll lose so much Mom will send me back to fill it again."

That time he was careful to close the screen door quietly so as not to bother his mother, but she was peeping at the browning loaves of bread in the oven and did not notice. Jasper would like to have waited for a slice of buttered fresh hot bread from the baking but today the fish were calling and he slipped quietly outside again.

He dropped to his knees beside the wooden step and reaching far under it, he pulled out a long straight sapling, from which the branches had been trimmed, and a small tin can. Behind the house he reached up to pull a piece of broken dried mud chinking from between the logs. With the other hand he pulled a roll of string and a fish-hook from the crack. He carefully put the piece of dried mud back in place and picked up the tin can and fishing pole and started for the barn. Behind the barn he scraped about in the dirt beneath the pile of scattered corn cobs until he had covered the bottom of his can with fishing worms. Then he trudged across the fields and through the woods until he came to his favorite place beneath a large willow. Soon his baited hook was dangling in the water.

It was hot and still under the willow. The fish didn't even nibble at his bait. Jasper lay back on the bank and pulled his straw hat down over his eyes. Soon he was asleep.

Hours later he was awakened. Long shadows lay across the little creek. It was dusky beneath the willow. Not too far away he heard the tinkle of a cowbell. It was Bessie's bell. When the sound stopped Jasper knew that Bessie had stopped to nibble at the lush, green grass not far from him. "I'll drive Bessie home for the night's milking," he thought, "and surprise Mom and Pop." That would be good for he had no fish to show for being gone so long.

Jasper pulled his pole from the water and twisted the string about it, then carefully caught the end of the hook in the bark.

"Saw-aw, Bess! Saw-aw, Bess!" sounded a coarse voice. Jasper lifted his head. It was a strange voice.

"Moo-oo-oo-oo!" That was Bessie objecting to something.

Jasper dropped his pole to the ground and crawled softly beneath the willows toward the sound. Branches crashed, then the noise stopped.

"I guess you'll come with me now," said that same coarse voice. "I'll have you a mile away from here before old man Dorrell comes to hunt you. By the time he discovers you are really gone you will be nothing but pieces of beef in my butcher shop."

Then Jasper recognized the voice. It was the new butcher at Three Corners. So that was where the neighbors' cattle had been going! Jasper wondered what he should do. He could tell by the sounds that the man and the cow were going farther and farther away. They must be taking the short cut through the woods to the little wooden bridge. If he ran for his father they would be gone before he had found him. Bessie might even be killed before he could find his father and they could get to Three Corners. He couldn't let anything happen to Bessie. He himself *must* do something.

Jasper crawled and ran through the woods trying

to get ahead of the man and the cow without the man hearing him. He caught his shirt on a thornbush and tore great slits in it. He stubbed his toe on some tree roots and fell sprawling down the side of a rocky ravine. He thought surely the man would hear him. He gasped for breath and his chest ached with the pain of it, but he hurried on. He had to save Bessie.

At last he stumbled out on to the bank beside the wooden bridge ahead of the man and the cow. "Sooo-ooo-ooo-cow! Sooo-ooo-ooo-cow!" he called. Bessie knew Jasper's voice. She pulled away from the man just as they came in sight of Jasper.

When the man saw Jasper, he turned quickly and dashed into the bushes out of sight. "Come, Bessie," soothed Jasper, "Let's go home."

With his arms about the old cow's neck, Jasper and Bessie turned and plodded toward the barnyard. They still could hear the frightened man crashing through the underbrush but Jasper didn't mind. He had saved Bessie. They would have milk for supper. Jasper remembered his pole and line. He would go after it tomorrow. Perhaps the fish would be biting then.

Something to Do

By Vera Channels

Making Dough in the Kitchen

ONE day Luan and Noreen asked, "What can we do today, Mother?" Their mother looked puzzled for a minute and then she smiled. She looked like she had a wonderful idea. "Come to the kitchen with me," she said.

She told Luan to sit on one side of the table. She told Noreen to sit on the other side of the table. She gave each girl an apron to put on.

"Oh, I know," said Luan. "We're going to make cookies."

"No," said Mother. "Not today."

"Then we're going to paint," said Noreen.

"No," answered Mother, "something even better than painting."

"What can it be? What *can* it be?" both girls asked at once.

"Soon you'll see. Soon you'll see," replied Mother.

Then Mother got out the can of flour. She let Luan put some in a measuring cup. It reached the very top of the cup and Luan didn't spill even a little bit. She poured the flour in a pan.

Mother got out the salt. She let Noreen put it in the measuring cup until it was half full. Noreen poured the salt on top of the flour in the pan. Both girls took turns stirring the flour and salt together.

Then Mother got out the coloring that she uses for cake frosting. "Do you like red?" she asked.

"Yes, we like red best of all," said Luan.

So Mother mixed some red coloring in a little water and poured that on top of the flour and salt and mixed it up. It made a beautiful pink dough—just like bread dough.

Each girl took a chunk of the dough and started to pat it and pound it and play with it.

"I know," said Luan, "I'll make some little round cookies." And so she made a row of little pink cookies.

Noreen liked kitties and so she made a pink kitty with standing-up ears and a long tail.

After that the girls made lots of things with the pink dough. They got out spoons and forks, little dishes, the rolling pin, some clothespins, and cookie cutters. They made round balls and milk bottles and carrots and grapes and long string beans. They made beads and beds and animals and little people.

Then Luan decided to play school. She made the teacher's desk and the teacher and she had the children all sitting on the floor listening to a story. Luan went to kindergarten so she knew all about school.

When it was time for lunch, Mother wrapped the dough in a damp cloth and put it in the refrigerator. "It will keep for a whole month," she said. "You'll have lots more fun with it on other days."

Wouldn't you like to try making some dough like Luan and Noreen did?

Analysis

A Story by Dorothy Prather

ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS PEARSON



"But, Scott, you can't expect to run a farm with just two years of high school agriculture!"

AS THE orchestra softly played the solemn march, not a face in the auditorium was so proud as that of Judith Richards. The black-robed figures moved with measured tread to take their seats on the platform at the front. Beside Judith, fifteen-year-old Betsy wriggled and craned. "Oh, Mother, I see Scott! Here he comes with that cute Peggy Atwood—look, Mom, he sees us!"

"Shhh, Betsy," Judith whispered. Sure enough, it was Scott, and he gave a little smile, crooked,

just like Jack's had been. A tug at her heart as she thought of Scott and Betsy's dad, who had been killed when a drunken driver lost control of his car. It was eight years ago, but the loss still stung now and then.

Judith gave herself a mental shake, and began composing the speech she had to make to Scott very soon, the speech she dreaded so terribly. Now that he was a graduate, he would be wanting to get his college application on its way.

The valedictory address fell on deaf ears as Judith planned and phrased her own speech. "Scott," she would begin, "I surely hate to tell you that I simply won't be able to send you to college with your friends in the fall. My job just takes care of our living costs, and the farm has just barely been holding its own the last couple of years. Mr. Ellis works hard, too, but he just hasn't done very well lately. I'd been counting on that

for your education fund. It seemed the best place to put Daddy's insurance money, at the time." No, that sounded too stilted. Oh, well, when the time came . . . but how she hated to hand such a blow to her only son. How could he be any of the wonderful things she'd dreamed for him, doctor, minister, teacher? The orchestra had begun the recession when Judith returned to the present. Her heart thrilled with pride, when her tall, clean-cut son gave her a solemn wink on the way out.

JUDITH stood at the breakfast table next morning when Scott came whistling down the stairs. "Hi, Mom," he boomed, "going to be swell day, huh?"

"Looks like it, dear" and Judith reached for the steak fork to turn the bacon. "Have any special plans for the day, Scott?" she queried.

"Well, sort of thought I'd take a run out to the farm after I drop you at the bank, that is, unless you had some jobs waiting around here."

"No, not that I can think of right now."

Scott tipped his chair back and ran his hand through his hair in a nervous gesture. "Mom, I gotta have a heart-to-heart talk with you, and I guess now is as good a time as any." Judith's heart skipped a beat. He was going to want to send an application to a college. A little prayer went up as she broke an egg into the pan. It wasn't going to be easy to tell him. And what would he do with his time next winter? He could help at the farm all summer and fall, but would he learn to loaf around the pool halls when the work was finished? Oh, she couldn't have her Scott doing that.

"Mom," Scott began between bites of breakfast, "I know you have always had big plans for me. I guess all mothers do. I should have told you sooner, I guess, but college just isn't my meat. You know I haven't been any academic genius. The part of school I did well in was ag and shop. And

there just isn't any point in wasting the time and money sending me to college trying to make an intellectual out of me. For some of the guys it's right, but not for me!"

Judith was shaking. "Well, Scott, just what have you in mind?" she asked.

"I suppose it may not sound important, maybe, but I think good farmers are plenty important! And that's what I was cut out for, I know. I took Mr. Bennett, my teacher, out to see our place about a month ago. We brought in some soil samples and sent them to the Extension office for analysis. All that old farm of ours needs is a few good minerals and some crop rotation. Old Ellis has just been bleeding it to death! If you'll just give your OK to it, Mom, I know I can bring that place back to full production again! Why, the Allen's, just across the road, made nearly twenty thousand dollars on their spuds this year, and their place is no better than ours can be!"

"But, Scott, you can't expect to run a farm with just two years of high school agriculture!"

"Hey, Mom, that's not quite fair! I've been out there all day every day, practically, for the past four summers. I don't pretend to know it all, by any means, but both Mr. Bennett and Chuck Bailey, the County Extension Agent, think I could do a better job than Ellis is doing. I'd keep him on as irrigator, on wages, and I would run the equipment and be in charge. He said it was agreeable with him. He knows he'll never make it without

someone to tell him what to do and when to do it."

Judith sipped her coffee in silence for a few moments. "May not sound as important," Scott had said. Judith thought of some of the farmers who did business in her bank every week. Several were heading important committees—the new hospital, for instance, the local Scout committee, two new church building committees, headed by farmers. She remembered how neighboring farmers had gone in and helped Mr. Ellis, and her own family, too, several years ago, when illness had prevented the planting of the crops. Eight of them came in and worked the ground, planted, and later, corrugated it for irrigating.

"It takes a real man to be a real farmer, Scott, just as much as a doctor or anything else."

"Does that mean it's OK? Can I run it, will you—"

"Wait, wait, you're going too fast for me," laughed Judith. "We can see how it works out, and perhaps if it does pay off a little better, you could go to college—State Agricultural, that is—for the winter quarter. By then, you'd know some of the things you need more study on."

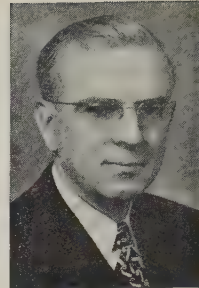
Anything more she might have said was drowned in the huge bear hug from the six-footer. "Oh, boy, Mom, you're OK! Soon as I finish eating, I'm going right out and start leveling that upper ten acres. It has a couple of dips in it, and has it been tough to irrigate! Put another egg in the pan, please. We farmers require a lot of chow, you know!"

**He was more
man than boy—something his Mother didn't know until...**

Family Counselors



**Dorothy
Faust**



**Leslie R.
Smith**

Question: My husband is a Baptist and I am a member of the Christian church. Should I join his church or should he join mine or should we continue as we are?

Answer: No couple who are members of different orthodox Protestant denominations should remain divided in their church membership. You should either both join the Baptist church or both join the Christian church or both join a neutral church which you both like. There are not enough theological differences between the major groups of Protestantism and there should not be enough ancestor worship to justify a divided household. Particularly is this true where children are concerned. Religion, which is rightly a unifying factor ought never be permitted to divide. However artfully one may handle the situation, the children will sense the differences of opinion and tend to be confused in their religious enthusiasm and loyalty.

Participation in the same church life and work unites husband and wife in devotion to a higher ideal, where neither dominates the other but both are dominated by that love which enriches their love for each other.

Religion offers a center around which to focus life's activities, and through the church religion permits philanthropic activity which draws attention toward a world outlook. Every couple needs this. It is too easy to become so self-centered and self-satisfied that love is stifled through satiety. Worthy outside interests drain off such selfish overabsorption and refresh the love relationship.

Many a home has been saved simply by re-activating a couple's religious interest and work in one church. Some years ago it was announced that in a certain area two out of every three marriages ended in divorce. The question was asked

whether the church had any influence in a society where the home was so easily broken up. A survey revealed that while the general average was two divorces out of three marriages, there was only one divorce out of one hundred marriages in cases where both husband and wife belonged to the church.

If one makes due allowance for all other influences, this seems still to show the fine unifying effect of the church and religion in home life. Don't test yourselves further by foolishly continuing as members of different churches.

L. R. S.

Question: Do you have any suggestions as to how a very young girl can win the respect of much older employees working under her when the boss has evidenced complete confidence that she is capable of handling the situation?

Answer: Your position is not a difficult one if you apply a few simple rules.

Where you look—in business, sports, politics, society—it pays to apply the Golden Rule and it is one thing you can depend on for it always works. Never cheapen yourself by saying "your boss." Use the title which best fits his position and the one which you'd prefer if occupying his place. Never call him by his first name. "Mr." is always correct or "my employer." The president, treasurer, or whichever official title he holds in connection with your company, should be mentioned when speaking of him to anyone who is not immediately associated with you and your work. Remember, it is either insult or ignorance to use anything less than the proper title when referring to one in a superior position.

Now, looking to the employees, first of all make it a real point to remember their names, for they

are the nicest words they know. Put sincere feeling in your voice when speaking to the employees and never be in such a hurry that they feel "shoved off." Never make a promise you cannot keep. The small man you are courteous to today may be the big man tomorrow. Politeness saves time and sweetens the temper. Give credit when work is well done. Notice little refinements shown by other people with whom you work and compliment them. Study the likes and dislikes of your employees. This can become a most fascinating game which after much practice will become a part of you. Always treat others as you would wish to be treated.

Humility is the most necessary of all essentials in winning and understanding people. Humbly search your heart to see that arrogance and pride have no place there. As you reflect humility and selfless love in all your dealings with your fellows, they will very soon catch your spirit.

The spiritually enlightened thinker will express firmness, patience, kindness, and courage under every circumstance.

D. F.

YOUR PROBLEMS WANTED!

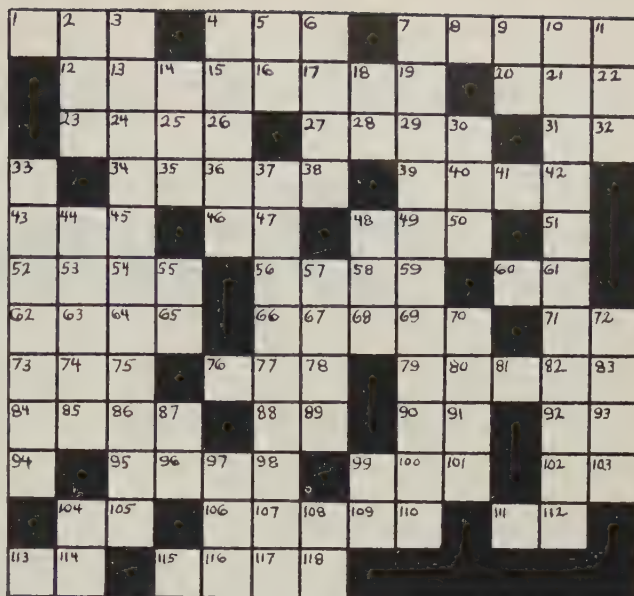
We need your problems to submit to our Family Counselors. They stand ready to advise you in the light of Christian knowledge and experience. Write today—to "Hearthstone" in care of your Publishing House.

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Directions for solving: Guess the words defined below and write each guessed word over the numbered dashes following the definition. Then transfer each letter of the guessed word to the same numbered white square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings. The filled pattern, reading from left to right, will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Nobleness; trustworthiness -----	57	100	43	54	106		
B. Festival commemorating Christ's resurrection -----	61	20	68	59	16	80	
C. The Savior -----	66	47	70	81	62		
D. A present -----	9	117	99	94			
E. The cry of a horse -----	55	95	25	53	21	46	
F. To tramp, or march -----	113	107	65	103			
G. To whip -----	78	34	85	31	79	5	
H. The coat of wool that covers a sheep -----	48	11	40	18	74	37	
I. Creatures that live in water --	84	104	115	102			
J. The organ-grinder's pet animal	36	44	8	52	67	60	
K. Noise; also healthy, not dis- eased -----	108	93	69	38	87		
L. Grain from which flour is made	76	88	63	58	56		
M. An injury or hurt -----	71	49	27	110	19		
N. Books for keeping personal daily records -----	3	51	24	17	73	6	14
O. To pursue, or follow -----	82	75	111	105	96		



P. To give light; to beam with radiance -----	91	32	90	28	64
Q. Instrument for pressing -----	83	42	35	13	
R. Unusually small animal, a pygmy -----	118	15	116	97	39
S. Rabbit -----	72	77	50	109	
T. Closest -----	92	33	1	101	10 23 4
U. Ocean -----	112	86	7		
V. A church officer -----	22	89	41	2	
W. Fruit obtained from the palm tree -----	26	12	29	114	
X. Part of the foot -----	45	30	98		

Help the Others A New Ring Toss Game

by Walter King

Here is a new game with the queerest rules you have ever heard of and a very queer name too. It is called "Help the Others" because that is what you actually do

when you play it. This is a family game for everyone to enjoy.

Best of all, you can make it yourself. All you need is a board about 6 inches wide and 2 feet long, five nails, and 6 rubber fruit-jar rings.

First mark down the center of the board five dots 4 inches apart where the nails will go. Next mark the score numbers from top to bottom, 5, 10, 25, 10, 5, opposite the dots. Then hammer a good-sized nail in each dot and bend up the head to form a hook.

From a distance of about six feet, each player gets six throws in turn, the idea being to hang the rings on the nails. The first player to score 250 wins.

And here are the queer playing rules: If you get more than 50 points ahead of your nearest rival after an equal number of tries, you qualify as a "marksman." This means you must help the others by shooting only for the middle num-

ber at the "bull's-eye." When shooting for the 25 if you happen to ring one of the smaller numbers, you must give that many points to each of the other players.

However, as soon as your lead over the next closest player has been cut below 50 you once again can score as the others do. In this way a really good player cannot "run away" with a big score. That's why the game is so exciting right up to the very end. And everyone in the family can play it. Even grandma.

Kitchen Operations

Some people flit about the countryside

On carefree, gay vacations,
While other people stay at home to cook

For visiting relations,
Which can be nice for all if all will share

Those kitchen operations.

—FRANCES MCKINNON MORTON

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

X Toe	L Wheat
W Date	K Sound
V Dean	J Monkey
U Sea	I Fish
T Nearest	H Piece
S Hare	G Switch
R Dwarf	F Hike
Q Iron	E Whinny
P Shine	D Gift
O Chase	C Jesus
N Diaries	B Easter
M Wound	A Honor

The Words

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said.

Matthew 28:5-6.

How to Make *Delinquents*

By Judge Ray G. Cowan

MANY courts today are seeking the assistance of church and home in the battle against juvenile delinquency. It is a recognized fact that morality cannot be induced by legislation. The morals of children must be regulated in the home, and the basic teachings of right and wrong are taught best by the parents. But home life in recent years has deteriorated, and the courts have turned to the church for help in guiding the youth of today. They have learned that religion can play a strong role in helping young and old alike, to recognize the rights of others and to apply the Golden Rule in their lives.

The juvenile court in Jackson County, Missouri, has inaugurated a religious program in conjunction with its probation work. Probation is one of the most effective tools of the court. It may be defined as suspension of final judgment, placing the offender back in society, and giving him an opportunity to improve his conduct in his own community under the supervision and friendly guidance of a probation officer. One of the provisions of probation is that the child involved must attend some church or Sunday school at least once each week. Should a child fail to arrive at Sunday school or church, he is returned immediately to the court by the probation officers. The parents' explanation usually is, "We went back to bed." When parents understand the importance of church attendance, they themselves frequently begin to attend church. In such cases, the whole family benefits from religious training that is demanded

only of the child.

Courts, police youth bureaus, social agencies, welfare departments, and other youth organizations are endeavoring to explain to parents what they must do to keep their children from becoming delinquent. Recently the court in Jackson County published a pamphlet entitled, "Their Future Goes Hand in Hand with Yours," which contains rules on "How to Make Delinquents." The first "rules" were originated by William J. Harper, Director of Probation, Westchester County, White Plains, New York; others have been added by the juvenile court of Denver, Colorado, and other cities.

THE children that come to the attention of the juvenile courts are classified into three groups—the delinquent, the neglected, and the abandoned. In dealing with the delinquent, a further classification is necessary, for delinquents fall into three categories—the mentally deficient, the physically handicapped, and the socially maladjusted. Dealing with the first two groups is comparatively easy, as they usually are medical prob-



—Erwing Galloway.

lems; but dealing with the socially maladjusted has a more serious aspect. Not only is the child involved but usually his entire family.

The juvenile court was originated for the purpose of dealing with delinquent and needy children in an atmosphere of helpfulness, rather than one of crime and judgment. Rehabilitation of the children, of course, was the primary purpose for which this court was established. Juvenile courts have a policy, and in some states a law, requiring all hearings pertaining to juveniles to be held in private chambers and not in an open court room where morbid curiosity seekers may entertain themselves with the misfortune of others. Previous to the court hear-

ing, a complete case history of the child is prepared, giving complete information as to the background of both the child and his family, or the adults with whom the child lives. This report also includes the physical and mental condition of the child, and, not least important, the religion of the child.

It has been found that over eighty per cent of the children who appear in juvenile court do not have any direct religious affiliations. Approximately seventy-five per cent of the children who appear in juvenile court come from broken homes, or homes where there is only one parent. In most of the larger cities, courts have employed psychologists and psychiatrists as part of the juvenile court staff. These specialists evaluate the thinking and the mental capacity of the child, and their report furnishes the judge valuable information that will help him to make an intelligent disposition of the case. It is very important that every juvenile court have a well-qualified staff, thoroughly trained in handling child and family problems.

Unquestionably, a good juvenile court program is expensive; but its value to any community cannot be estimated and cannot be considered in terms of dollars. This job of building character in children and making better citizens of them is one in which the community, state, and nation should be vitally interested. It has been stated many times that the nation tomorrow will be no better than the way the nation's children are cared for today.

MUCH delinquency in children comes from the anti-social attitudes of parents who have insufficient interest in the welfare of their children or their community. Such parents are not interested in teaching their children to recognize the rights of others. Perhaps unfortunately, no law can be invoked that will make them community-minded and family-minded citizens. Too many modern parents are failing to instill in their children enough moral stamina to withstand the social pressures which are

(Continued on page 26.)

Recipe for Delinquents

1. Don't give your son any religious or spiritual training. Just take care of his bodily needs.
2. In his presence, don't be respectful of womanhood or of law and government. Belittle "dames," the courts, the police, public officials, the school, the church, and business. "It's all a racket!"
3. Never look for the real cause for untruthfulness in your child. You might discover he learned the art of lying from you.
4. Never try to answer the endless "Whys" and "Hows" of your children, because it pays to be ignorant.
5. Be sure to humiliate your child in the presence of his friends. It adds to his respect for you.
6. If a conflict in wills arises between you and your child, don't try to reason with him—just knock him down. Your father was boss of his home, and the kids may as well learn the "hard" way that you are the boss, too.
7. Don't have any constructive discipline. Always disagree with your wife or husband in the child's presence, so the child will learn on whom to depend.
8. Be sure to criticize departed guests in the presence of your child. He will respect your integrity.
9. Never give your child a reason for the commands laid upon him. Let him guess—it's much easier.
10. Don't consider his educational and emotional development to be a parental responsibility. What are schools for?
11. Don't let him discuss his plans, problems, or pleasures with you. Just be too busy, so he won't develop affection or trust in you.
12. Don't open your home to his companions. They will muss up the place. And don't be concerned where he spends his free time.
13. Don't teach your child to be tolerant toward people who differ from him in race, creed, or color. Teaching unfairness in others is an excellent method for training a bad citizen.
14. Don't give him an allowance, because he might learn how to save or spend. Don't ask him to give to community needs or services. Just "dig down" yourself.
15. Don't be calm and poised. Be shocked and explode when he tells you he has done something wrong. Then he won't confide in you the next time.
16. Don't make a "pal" of him. Go alone to your sports and entertainment. He would only be in the way.
17. Always buy your children the most expensive games and toys, because if you get them something simple they might have to use their own imagination and who wants that side of a child developed?
18. Never let your child forget that, except for you, he would not have a roof over his head. You will become a pain in the neck to your child, and he loves to hear about the many sacrifices you make for him.
19. Be sure to keep your home from being a center of cheer. Make it a dumping ground for your grouches. Your child will love your thoughtfulness.
20. Be sure to forget the promises you make to your child, because he will forget the promises he makes to you later—and children have no sense of appreciation.
21. Always accuse your daughter of being promiscuous with every date she goes out with, so that she will be impressed with the fact that you were a "good woman" when you went out with the boys.
22. Always leave your car keys in the car. This encourages stealing, and since ninety-eight per cent of the car thefts are caused by this practice, it proves that you are doing your part to encourage delinquency.

exerted on the children when they are away from home. This moral stamina can be strengthened only by basing it upon a foundation of sincere religious practices.

Schools are an important factor in the life of every community, and most schools are assuming a new responsibility in trying to guide the lives of children.

Once each year, the juvenile court in Jackson County calls a meeting of the clergy of all faiths in the county. At this meeting the religious program offered by the churches is discussed and advice and suggestions are sought as to how the court can improve conditions for the children in the community.

A committee of parents from the churches should visit the juvenile courts in every community and offer their services. The help they could offer would be considerable, and the influence they could wield would help assure that the juvenile court in their community is operating successfully and beneficially. The church, the school, and the juvenile court all need help of the parents.

The Baby Trail

How many steps on the baby trail?

Up the stairs and down,
To fix a pin
Or tuck him in
Or pat his curls of brown.

A drink of water he must have,
A certain toy to keep,
And one must sing
A special thing
Before he'll go to sleep.

His eyelids close against his cheek—
He seems at rest, but when
One gains once more
The lower floor
It all begins again.

How many steps on the baby trail?

Any mother could
Count up the miles
Of sighs and smiles
She gives to motherhood.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

HOPEFUL HERBERT

BY KAULEE



Herb is sure that world-wide learning is the first defense of peace. And that men must know their neighbors if world battles are to cease. But, alas, in many countries that have felt the scourge of war, All the finest schools were leveled. teachers perished by the score.

3



That's why Herbert is so happy that UNESCO's on the scene. Working for the spread of knowledge and the free exchange between Men of every creed and nation who can help the world to see That the better life we're after must be built on unity.

United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization



Herbie sees UNESCO's program brings new promise and new hope. With each school that it's rebuilding and each borrowed microscope; And each well-attended conference. giving scholars far and near Opportunities to gather and discuss the facts they hear.

We must teach our own young people to be top-notch neighbors, too—for if you work for the U. N., the U. N. can work for you!

By Joey Sasso

Hoppy's Good Luck Coin . . . The Legend of Phantom Scout Pass (*Capitol Children's Record*). Hopalong Cassidy, America's most beloved cowboy, is here presented for the first time on records. Now touring the country, Hoppy is an acclaimed star of television and most certainly is dear to the hearts of children everywhere. Hoppy's famed voice here tells two exciting tales of the West—with the action and suspense that are so welcomed by his millions of fans.

• • •

Working on the Railroad. Story by Jay Williams, sung by Tom Glazer and the Gene Lowell Chorus, told by Norman Rose (*Young People's Records*). This is far and away the best treatment of an important historical subject in songs and story that has come to this reviewer's attention in many years. It is a stirring dramatization of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, plentifully sprinkled with authentic American railroad songs. This record is highly recommended for children from the age of seven to eleven and is ideal for use in the elementary schools. Young People's Records and the cast are both to be congratulated.

• • •

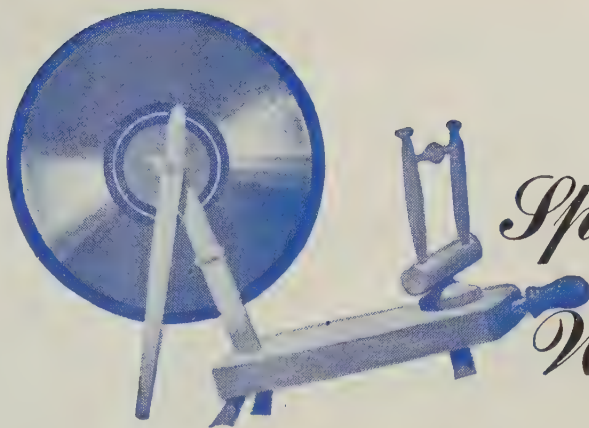
Hymns of Comfort and Joy (*Bible-tone Album*). "Come, Ye Disconsolate," "Be Still My Soul," "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," "Immortal Love, Forever Full," "The Lord Is My Shepherd," "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," "God of Our Fathers." A group of selected inspirational hymns superbly sung by the National Vespers Quartet. Complete with booklet of words and music.

• • •

A German Organ Mass, Bach (*Capitol-Telefunken Album*). Bach here is at his inspired best, composing for the instrument which he so completely mastered—the organ. These choral preludes comprise the body of a great masterpiece, beautifully performed by Bach authority and master organist Fritz Heitmann at the Charlottenburg Organ, built in 1706 and typical of the instrument as used in Bach's days.

• • •

Chopin: Fantasie-Impromptu In C-Sharp Minor, Liszt: Liebestraum No. 3 In A-Flat Major, Gyorgy Sandor, Piano (*Columbia Masterworks*). The "Fantasie-Impromptu in C-Sharp Minor" has won fame through what some would consider devious means. Its principal theme was adapted to the popular American song "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." Chopin composed the work in 1834, but it remained unpublished until 1885—six years after the composer's death. It has come to be considered, however, as one of Chopin's



The Spinning Wheel

greatest short works for the piano. The charm and beauty of the melody—whether as a concert piece or as a popular hit—enchants everyone who hears it! To make a perfect single record, the Chopin work is coupled with the Liszt "Liebestraum"—another extremely popular favorite. Gyorgy Sandor is one of the finest pianists of our times.

• • •

Debussy: Children's Corner Suite, transcribed by Andre Caplet, Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra (*RCA Victor Red Seal Album*). This is the first domestic recording of this work, the previous RCA Victor catalogue version having been released in 1935. These charming pieces, originally written for Debussy's own child, "Chou-Chou," are vividly impressionistic: a series of sharp contrasts of humor and pathos projected with exquisite imagery. As piano pieces "Golliwogg's Cake-Walk," "The Snow Dancing," "Doctor Gradus ad Parnasum," "Jimbo's Lullaby," "Serenade for the Dolls," and "The Little Shepherd" are cameos.

• • •

The Merry Widow, Rise Stevens, mezzo-soprano, and Dennis Morgan, tenor with orchestra and chorus conducted by Max Rudolf (*Columbia Masterworks Album*). "In Marsovia," "Merry Widow Waltz," "Maxims," "My Marriage Will Be One Arranged," "Ladies' Choice," "Woman," "Villa," "The Cavalier." Here is a version of the famous Lehar operetta which has been so abridged by conductor Max Rudolf that it flows from scene to succeeding scene—so that instead of being mere excerpts from the operetta it is as nearly a complete presentation of the operetta as might be seen on the stage! It is this smooth completeness of this abridged version that puts the recording head and shoulders above any prior recording.

Most important, however, are the artists—Rise Stevens and Dennis Morgan. This pair of truly great operetta voices work together so well and fit the roles they are singing so well! It is certainly worth noting that both Miss Stevens and Mr. Morgan are extremely popular for their superb work in operas, operettas, radio, and the motion pictures.

Rip Van Winkle, Narration and music by Lionel Barrymore (*M-G-M Children's Album*). This children's version of *Rip Van Winkle* may be rightfully termed "a distinguished production." All the elements—narration, story, music, and technical effects are fused beautifully. Washington Irving's familiar classic is handled with taste and imaginativeness. The timeless humor and gentle pathos of Rip's adventures are carried over excellently from the original story form—the tale of Rip's epic sleep of twenty years and the touching scene of his return to a home that has changed and all of the other magical events generations of children have loved. The narration of Rip's story was obviously a labor of love for Mr. Barrymore. He enacts the title role with warmth, devotion, and deep perception; yet he keeps Rip's character a simple and appealing one that may be grasped easily by the youngest of his listeners. In addition, Mr. Barrymore has composed charming and effective background music for the story.

• • •

Kiddie Kornival (*M-G-M Children's Albumette*) Stanley Fritts and The Korn Kobblers. Children delight in strange noises and musical sounds. Give them a novelty record and they'll play it till it's worn out. Now, where could you find better suppliers of strange noises and musical sounds than the famous Korn Kobblers? The Kobs' collection of pots, pans, washboards, horns, and whistles might have been assembled specifically for youngsters! Their fabulously successful children's album called a *Kiddie Korncert* some time ago resulted in a new set called a *Kiddie Kornival*. Here, Stan Fritts and his boys have taken four famous tunes and sprinkled them with noisome (and hilarious) effects. A mere list of the tunes—Fuzzy Wuzzy, Cowboys and Indians, Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing, and The Dum Dot Song—will give you a pretty fair idea of what the fun is like. We have no doubt that this albumette is destined to become an all-time favorite among kiddie record sets!

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



Summer is the season of the year when families can do many things together in God's great out-of-doors. A family unity achieved through such experiences carries over into all the other family experiences, develops initiative, and awakens curiosity in the beauties and the wonders of nature. Few things contribute more to a child's wealth than helping him to see that the world is beautiful. Such experiences prepare the child for understanding the bigger things of life. The ever present tensions of the outside world will have a harder time getting inside the members of a family who have found peace and stability in doing things together.

Some actual activities in which the family as a group could participate are the following:

1. Hikes together through city parks or along country lanes, with family rivalry as to who can sight the most beautiful birds or collect the most beautiful rocks or wild flowers.
2. Family picnics, a roller-skating party at some near-by rink, or an hour together at some park playground.
3. Saturday afternoon trips to the zoo, the art museum, or the nearest baseball park.
4. A family party with the evening meal served in the back yard.
5. A family hobby on nature study, so all may share in collecting articles and classifying them as the family goes on hikes or outings.
6. Swimming together at the community pool or a near-by beach or lakeside.
7. Attending a family camp.

Among the summer activities, especially when the children are older, will be those where the family members join other groups for fellowship and personal development, such as in vacation church schools, day camps, intermediate camps, youth conferences, adult conferences. For the most worth-while participation in these activities, careful planning should be done with each member of the family a partner in the planning and each one entering into the joy and the privileges which come to other members of the family group.

The Young Married People's Class at Downey Avenue Christian Church in Indianapolis, Indiana, has as one of its projects the dedication of homes of its members. The service places emphasis on the family and its home life and lifts up principles which make a home Christian.

Each of two recent services was held during the evening in the home dedicated. The program was

varied and moved with ease. As the group gathered there was a period of informal fellowship and acquaintance until all had arrived and each one knew the others. Then came the formal service of dedication in which the family and several members of the class took part. The ceremony of dedication was based on the program of home dedication prepared by The Commission on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches.* The ceremony opened after the prelude with a recognition of the husband and the wife of the host family. All then joined in singing a hymn after which members of the class took part by offering the opening prayer and reading Scripture.

The most impressive part of the ceremony was candle-lighting by the parents. As seven candles were lighted in turn by husband and wife, the home was dedicated with appropriate words to the seven ideals of family love, happiness, friendship, cooperation, appreciation, Christian service and spiritual enrichment. The ceremony was then closed by a prayer of dedication and a hymn.

Another period of fellowship followed during which refreshments were served.

The Uni-Hi-Married Class at University Heights Christian Church, Kansas City, Missouri, has an interesting and unique plan for acquaintance and fellowship of its members as carried out through the Round Robin get-together. A voluntary activity open to all of the 72-couple membership, thirty-two couples are active in the Round Robin fellowship get-together.

The plan provides for four couples to meet for an evening in the home of one of the couples for acquaintance and fellowship. The meeting may be during the evening with refreshments or it may be a dinner meeting as the host couple desires. The grouping of the couples for these meetings is done by the class officers on a rotating scale so that each couple will meet with three different couples in each meeting. The place of meeting also rotates so no one couple will entertain more than once during the year. The meetings are held four times during the winter with about eight groups meeting simultaneously. Alternate couples are named in case some couple must drop out because of illness or for other reasons.

*297 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



—R.N.S.
 "What's your name?" a new acquaintance asks. The reply determines your child's acceptance and place in society.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—Proverbs.

A motorist stopped at a road stand to buy some vegetables. As the farmer waited on him he was attracted by the sweet beauty of the farmer's young daughter.

"What is her name?" he asked.

"We call her Amalasvinta," the farmer answered.

"Isn't that a rather long name for such a little girl?"

The farmer grunted. "Listen, son," he said, "we're not city folks; we've got time."

But to your child a name is much more than just a name, regardless of the time you may have to say it and even if the words of Shakespeare's Juliet seem contradictory:

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet."

Despite fads and foibles, out of 4,000,000 children

Your Child's Trademark

By Joseph Charles Salak

born in the U.S. every year the leading names still remain Mary and John, 600,000 and 400,000 each respectively. Charles, George, James and William account for another 1,500,000. But perhaps you don't want your child to be just another of the one million Johns or Marys. It is then that you in your desperate search for a new name may frantically bestow one that will later sound silly when combined with your surname.

Psychologists at Harvard University studied 3,320 students and found that those with unusual names were in excess among the failures and the psychoneurotics.

The name you give your child is his individual trademark just as much as Wrigley is the trademark for chewing gum. He has to live with the name you give him for the rest of his life.

Writers of fiction carefully select suitable names for their imaginary heroes, heroines and villains to aid them in their portrayal and characterization. Likewise parents should take just as much care in choosing a name their child will not be ashamed of or become the butt of his playmates' jibes.

Imagine a sensitive boy or girl going through life handicapped with the name of Abelard or a girl with Euphemia. If you could hear the nicknames that will be clamped on their innocent heads you would think twice before you sentenced your child with what you considered a cute name or a name that has an unpleasant or ridiculous meaning.

The next time you have occasion to select a name make certain it is a suitable one, easy to pronounce and spell. Bear in mind the words of the poet Lowell:

"Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
 Than most men dream of..."

Pacific Northwest Family Life

The Pacific Northwest Family Camp will be held at Zephyr Christian Conference grounds on Liberty Lake, Greenacres, Washington, July 23-29, 1950. This is the first family camp to be held in this area and is planned for the Disciple of Christ Churches in Oregon, Washington, North Idaho and Montana. Families who desire information about the camp should write to their respective state directors of religious education.

Mama Stands in Papa's Shoes

(From page 7.)

twinkle in Mama's eyes. She is keeping something from me, thought Papa. She always looks like that when she keeps a secret. Because Mama's gayety annoyed Papa, he decided to sulk the rest of the day. Papa succeeded until late that afternoon when the doorbell rang, and Mama ushered Deacon Lund into his room.

"You don't look so well, Pastor Franson," said Mr. Lund sympathetically and eyed Papa curiously.

"This is the first time I have missed a Sunday in ten years," snapped Papa, "except of course for my vacation Sundays."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to offend!"

The deacon sat down on the chair next to Papa's bed. He tapped his foot up and down on the floor. It made Papa nervous. He forced himself to speak more kindly.

"I am sorry I was unable to preach this morning but things happen that we have no control over."

"Of course," said Lund, "I understand. We made out fine, though. Mrs. Franson did a splendid job. She had a way of putting things over. It made us think and remember certain responsibilities. She is a very gifted lady!"

Papa's ears began to burn.

"A woman's place is in the home. I assure you it was not my choice for Mrs. Franson to preach."

"Well, that is beside the point! We feel you are a mighty lucky man, Pastor Franson, and we are a lucky church to have two preachers." Deacon Lund cleared his throat before he continued. "I am here to bring you good news, Pastor. We called a board meeting immediately after the service this morning.

Riches

Whose altar-god is gold will find,
When time has taken toll,
That he has nothing left but husks
To feed and clothe his soul.
And he will wear a robe gone drab,
A stone will stay his head
And he will dwell in barren halls
And eat his acrid bread.

Who kneels at beauty's shrine from which
The years can take no part,
May wear a shabby robe but he
Has song to stay his heart,
And he will fashion of his dreams
A shelter from the storm,
And dreamer's bread and gossamer
Sustain and keep him warm!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON

We voted to raise your salary twenty dollars a month. A few of us acted quickly to take advantage of the feeling of gratitude after Mrs. Franson's sermon. We have really wanted to do this for a long time."

LONG after Deacon Lund had departed Papa lay very still and stared at the ceiling. Somehow he could not rejoice over that longed for and much needed raise. Mama had done it again, as she had said she would! Now she would take all the credit and puff up as a crowing rooster. Mama must never know how that raise came to be. If she found out she might think it her duty to do half the preaching, and being Mama she would gradually take over the ministry. Papa pictured himself in a pink gingham apron cleaning house, tending babies, and washing diapers, while Mama sat in his study and wrote sermons.

"That must never happen!" he called out loudly to himself.

Mama heard his voice and came rushing into the room.

"Did you call me, Pontus?"

"No," said Papa, "I did *not* call you."

"I was sure I heard you calling," said Mama and sat down at the foot of his bed.

"Did Mr. Lund upset you? You look so flushed!" Mama's eyes were big and very blue. She had a child-like way of looking at Papa. It always made him melt as though he were on a hot stove.

"The deacon was very kind, Maria. He just paid me a friendly visit, that's all."

Mama moved a bit closer to Papa.

"Pontus," she said, after a short pause, "could you stand to hear some news? . . . I mean if you are well enough, and won't get too excited."

Here comes that twinkle in her eyes thought Papa.

"Well, or not," he said, "if you have news, I better know it."

Mama tilted her head a little on the side and smiled at Papa.

"Pontus, darling," she whispered, "I saw Doctor Swenson yesterday. I didn't want to tell you until I was sure. We are going to have an increase."

Papa almost exploded. What a woman! As if seven children weren't enough for a poor preacher to bring up! But then all of a sudden a thought struck him, and his face broke into a wide smile. What better luck could come his way? Now Mama would not preach! She would step right out of his shoes and be just a wife and have a baby.

"Maria," he said gently and took her hand in his. "I think that is fine news, very fine indeed. I shall immediately demand a raise from that church board."

He felt a bit guilty because of the fib he was telling her. But a husband must prove himself important before his wife. Even the Lord would understand that there were certain things that Papa just couldn't tell Mama.

For the family that enjoys exploring the outdoor world there are four books which should be on the children's shelves. They are scientifically accurate, extremely simple and beautifully illustrated in color. They are written and illustrated by Dr. Irma E. Webber, a distinguished botanist. They also have a bit of humor, the kind children can appreciate. The books are **Up Above and Down Below** (\$1.00), on how plants and animals live and grow; **Travelers all** (\$1.25), how plants move from place to place; **Anywhere in the World** (\$1.50), the adaptation of plants and animals to their environment; **Bits That Grow Big** (\$1.50), experiments with seeds, which children may carry on. All of these books are published by William R. Scott.



Reading a humorous story together is a good experience for a family and **The Lonesome Bear** by Harrison Kinney is perfect for that purpose. It is a hilarious story but told with such seriousness that the utter ridiculousness of the situations creeps up on the reader without warning. It is mostly about a boy and his father and a bear that liked marshmallows, and the father's ukulele playing and singing, and riding in cars. There is something in the story, too, about the mother who didn't care for bears. And a bank robbery comes into it with the bear as the hero. Altogether it is quite a story about family life, though a little unusual. The book is illustrated by Harold Price, is published by Wittlesly House and the price is \$2.00.



The Little Whistler by Frances Frost is the most acclaimed children's book of the year. One reviewer has included it among the ten books of 1949 most likely to live, and it was the only children's book on the list. It is a book of poetry, about everyday things, touched with fantasy. The illustrations are dashing and colorful and the poems would be good for reading aloud to children, or for children eight to twelve to read for themselves. Whittlesly House publishes the book and the price is \$2.00.



Albert Schweitzer: Genius in the Jungle, by Joseph Gollumb (Published by Vanguard Press, Inc., N. Y. Price \$2.75).

Here is proof again, if proof be needed, that a great personality provides inexhaustible resources for writers. There is always room for one more biography of a great man.

This book was written with young people in mind. While every aspect of the Lambarene doctor's life is touched upon, the chief emphasis is given to his growing-up years and to his life in the jungle. That the book is interesting to others than young people this reviewer proved by reading it to his eight-year-old son who listened with complete absorption to the unfolding story. Needless to say here is one adult who also enjoyed it. Even those who are very familiar with Schweitzer's life will find this recounting of the story an inspiring one.

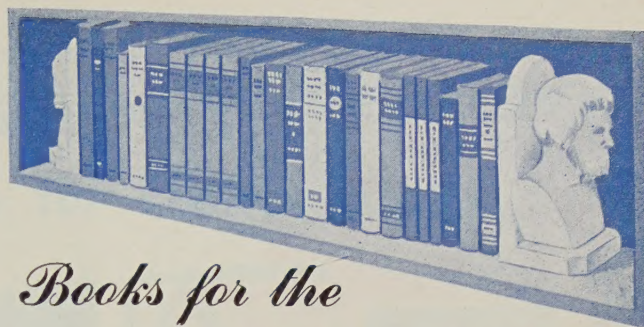
This is good family reading. Its 249 pages will go rapidly and you will find every member hanging on every word.



He the Maker, by William B. Ziff (Published by Argus Books, Inc., 46 pages, price \$2.50).

Does the prospect of paying this much for a 46-page book stagger you? The answer is that poetry comes high. This is poetry—dramatic poetry—dealing with the most profound and important theme, the relation of God the Maker to man the creature, the relation of man to man, and the relation of man to the universe.

This epic poem is not pretty poetry, pleasantly rhyming jingles dealing with easy and comfortable thoughts. It is heroic in its sweep and sounds the depths of man's wonderings about the Eternal put in the terms of the Eternal's wonderings about man which he has made in his own image. It is poetry the like of which is not often seen in our day which is so much concerned with other matters than the Divine. It is worth wrestling with.



Books for the Hearth Side

So you think you have troubles? Then you ought to read **Hearts Courageous**, by William Herman (Published by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York, 254 pages. Price \$2.50).

Mr. Herman has compiled brief biographies of *Twelve Who Achieved* as the sub-title has it. These twelve persons carved greatness out of adversity, suffering, tragedy, and heartache. They proved beyond all doubt that one does not have to be a victim of circumstances.

Here are the stories of Demosthenes, John Milton, Josiah Wedgwood, Beethoven, John Kitto, Francis Parkman, Edward Trudeau, S. L. Stevenson, Charles Steinmetz, Helen Keller, F. D. Roosevelt, and Glenn Cunningham. Written particularly for young people these short life histories will also make good reading for the family circle.

The book is illustrated with line drawings by James MacDonald.

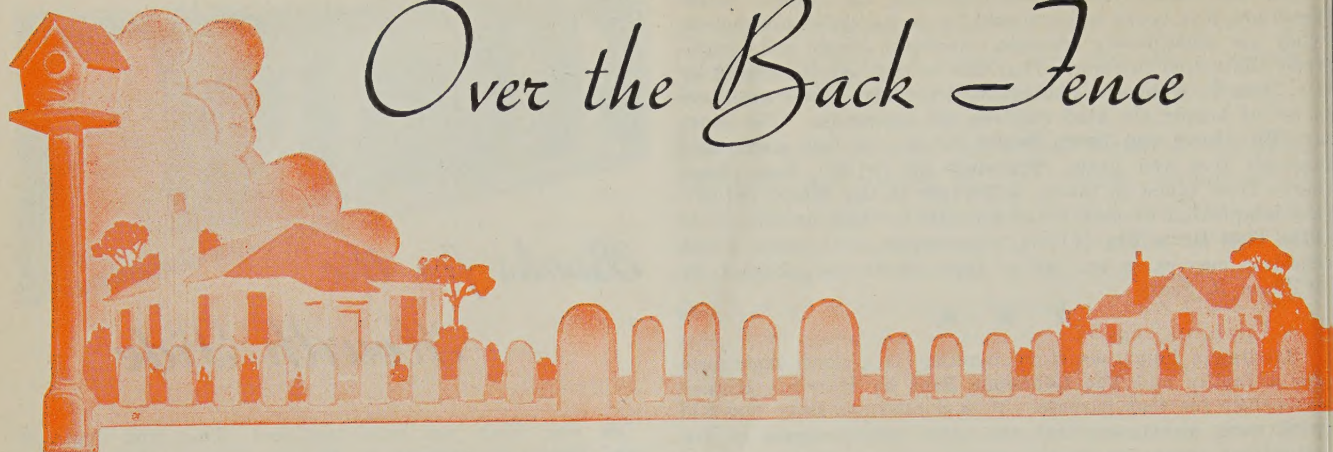


Here's a book the whole family, youngsters and adults alike, will enjoy. It is **Storm of Dancerwood** by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Longmans, Green and Co., \$3.). It is the biography of a dog, written objectively but from the dog's viewpoint without ascribing to him any unnatural attributes. It begins with the night of the puppy's birth, vividly describes the environment of Dancerwood's rural terrain, and Storm's many varied adventures. Without fear of men or of the wildlife of the woods around him, Storm is an unusual dog, protecting the fleeing fox from the hounds, and enjoying the company of a blind vixen. Then the vixen is killed by hounds, Storm deserts the habitat of men entirely and fends for himself in the woods and fields. After becoming legendary and experiencing many exciting adventures in the woods, a kindly naturalist entices the dog to his campfire and wins him back to the companionship of men. There are no overly sentimental strains, but beautiful pictures and fast adventure told in a swift, flowing style. It will make a good bedtime reading book.



Many childless couples who desire to adopt children are baffled by the legal procedure. The Children's Bureau has recently published a bulletin called **Essentials of Adoption Law and Procedure**. It is bulletin No. 331—1949. This bulletin sets forth in a clear, concise way the legal steps involved in the process of adoption. Anyone reading it would know what to expect and how to go about adopting a child. This bulletin may be secured from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. The price is 15 cents.

Another Government Bulletin published in 1949 is **Your Child from 6 to 12**, written by Mrs. Marion L. Faegre. (141 pages, price 20 cents.) This book discusses the everyday problems of this age group; their fears, worries and frustrations; their pursuits and hobbies; their developing sex attitudes; their physical growth. Due attention is given to the influence of the family; home and school cooperation; and to some special problems that sometimes arise in family living. Most parents will find this book very helpful in understanding their children of school age.



Over the Back Fence

Bulwarks of the State

And now the school, the church, and the home remain, but the greatest of these is the home. (The importance of these three institutions makes it unnecessary to offer apologies to Paul for paraphrasing his immortal line.)

Here indeed are the bulwarks of the state. It is well to remember that as we think in terms of the citizenship emphasis that the month of July always carries. The democracy which we honor and of which we boast in our country will not long exist except as it is supported and sustained by the school, the church, and the home.

Do we need to defend the proposition that the best foundations for the highest citizenship are laid in the home? *Hearthstone* believes that both Christian character and citizenship receive their greatest inspiration or labor under their worst handicap in our homes. Some of the ways that can help develop the kind of patriotism that is truly the bulwark of the state are suggested in the article in this issue by Lois Smith on "Patriotism Begins at Home."

This is being written at the close of that period when millions of citizens wrestled with the multiplication table in preparing their income tax reports. That act itself has implications for training in citizenship. Do your children ever hear you express your gratitude for the privilege of "Life in These United States"? Or do they only hear rantings and ravings about confiscatory taxes? Is there anywhere else in the world that we can get so much for so little?

What we say, what we do, yea, and what we think play a significant part in creating the kind of intelligent citizens the state needs. Such citizens will not be blind to the faults of their country but will be intelligently loyal to her highest dreams of that "more perfect union" wherein abide "liberty and justice for all."

India Has One, Too!

A family magazine, we mean. Across the editor's desk the other day came four copies of *The Christian*

Home, published by The Christian Home Committee of the Christian Council for India and Pakistan. We rejoice to see this delightfully edited and printed journal which is serving the interests of Christian family life in India. We congratulate Editor L. Winifred Bryce and her associates on producing such an excellent publication.

Of outstanding interest to us were the reproductions of full color examples of Indian art. Bulletin No. 12, which we take to be the Christmas, 1949 issue, has a lovely cover picture by Marcus Topno. It is an Indian version of the coming of the shepherds to visit the Christ-child. Other reproductions are equally beautiful.

The magazine is evidently the result of cooperation on the field of various mission boards. In that we, too, rejoice.

An Important Announcement

Beginning with the August issue *Hearthstone* will appear as a joint publication. The American Baptist Publication Society and the Christian Board of Publication will cooperate in issuing this family magazine which is gaining rapidly in favor across the country.

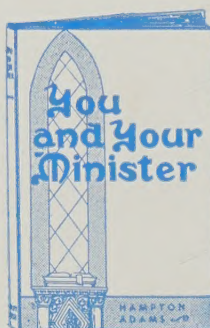
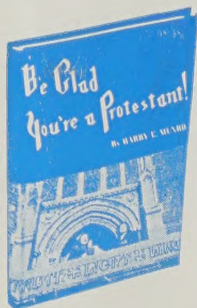
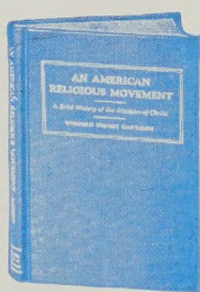
The editorial staffs of both publishing houses have been planning for this joint publication. They are striving to answer a need that came up out of the churches and homes of the people they serve. Parents wanted more guidance in developing a Christian home life. It is the primary purpose of *Hearthstone* to provide that guidance and help.

Both publishing houses felt that this common need and purpose could be better served by a joint publication than by two separate magazines, each limited to a single constituency. Printing costs are too high these days to try to "go it alone" when Christian cooperation can do the job.

A by-product of *Hearthstone's* efforts which we anticipate will be a larger measure of understanding created among the people of Baptist and Christian churches.

We rejoice in this further step in Christian cooperation!

Good Books for Church Families



AN AMERICAN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT

by Winfred Ernest Garrison

A 168-page history of the Disciples of Christ by a noted scholar and historian . . . important facts every layman should know about the beginning and growth of their brotherhood. \$1.50

WHO LIVES IN YOU? by Raphael H. Miller

Ten heart-warming messages by a former editor of "The Christian-Evangelist." A book vivid in detail, dramatic in coloring, penetrating in content. \$1.50

BE GLAD YOU'RE A PROTESTANT!

by Harry C. Munro

A book that will go far in transforming young people and adults from Protestants by heritage into Protestants by intelligent choice and firm conviction. Subjects include Protestant authority, salvation, priesthood, etc. \$1.50

You and Your Minister by Hampton Adams

A book suggesting ways laymen can help the minister do more effective work with the congregation and extend the minister's influence beyond the Sunday morning sermon. \$1.50

The Keeper of the Door by Geo. Sweazey

Wit and wisdom for mothers in dealing with the many problems of everyday life! A book dealing with the powerful influence mothers have upon our moral, social and religious life today. \$2.00

SILA, SON OF CONGO by Goldie Wells

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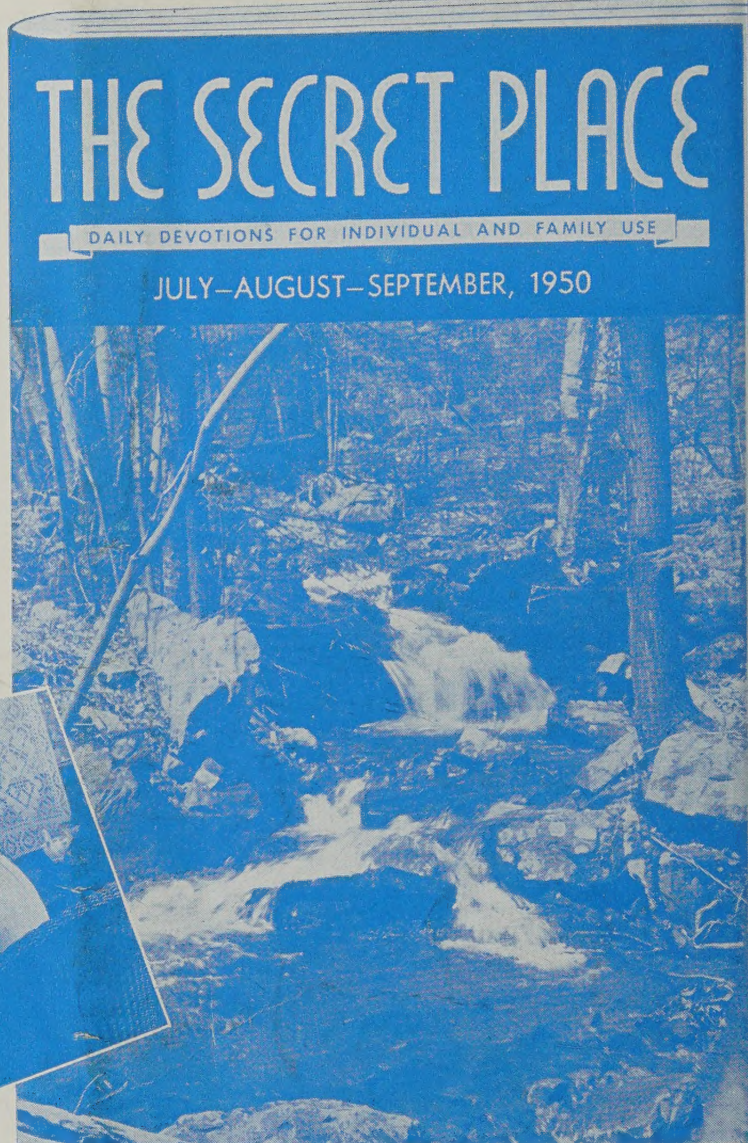
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